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HOME MAGAZINE



No. 2.

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CONTENTS—FEBRUARY, 1877.

FRONTISPICES.

"Hunt the Slipper."

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

Mount Desert.	By E. Chardon. (Illustrated.)	67
Gleanings.	By Ruth.....	60
Nuremberg.	By C.....	69
Bronze Vases. (Illustrated.)		71
Studies of Character.	By Mary W. Earley.....	73
"Living Sunbeams."	By John B. Duffey. (Illustrated.)	71
Growing.	By Ella Wheeler.....	80

THE STORY-TELLER.

The Helping Hand. (Illustrated.)		81
Old Martin Boscafen's Jest.	By Marian C. L. Reeves and Emily Read, Chaps. III. and IV.....	83
The Concert for the Poor.....		92
Ruth Felton's Folly.	By June Winter.....	94
A Happy New Year!		98
A Cloud in the Sky.	By T. S. Arthur.....	101
Tramps.	By Mrs. E. B. Duffey.....	104

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Needless Denials.....		106
BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.		
Three Little Snow-Flakes.	By Madge Carroll.....	108
The Convolvulaceæ Quarrel.	By S. Jennie Jones.....	109
Optical Experiments.....		111

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THE HOME CIRCLE.

From My Corner.	By Lichen.....	111
One Woman's Work.....		112
Come, Boys.....		113
The Vice of Saving.....		114
Our Idols.....		115
The Scare-Goat.....		115

HOUSEKEEPERS' DEPARTMENT.

A Talk with Young Housekeepers.	By Sister Rose.....	116
Airing the Bedding.	By Christine.....	117
A Laundry Secret.....		117

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

Up-Hill.	By Christina S. Rossetti.....	118
Janette's Hair.	By Miles O'Reilly.....	118
The Dark Coleus.	By Carrie D. Swan.....	118

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

How to Cure Nervousness.....		118
------------------------------	--	-----

FASHION DEPARTMENT.

Fashions for February.....		119
----------------------------	--	-----

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

		120
--	--	-----

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

The Effect of Cold on Children.....		120
"Hunt the Slipper"		121

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

		121
--	--	-----

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[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE," by E. BUTTERICK & CO.]

Ladies' and Children's Garments.



LADIES' EVENING COSTUME.—For Description see next Page.

DESCRIPTION OF LADIES' EVENING COSTUME.

(For Illustration see preceding Page.)

For evening wear, ruby, garnet, cardinal red and wine colors are again in favor. The costume illustrated is a ruddy garnet silk, and though the garments composing it are not elaborate, the richness of color and texture, together with the dainty trimmings, establishes it firmly as one of the season's favorites.

The polonaise has a deep front, closed only about halfway down the skirt, and fitted at each side by a single dart and a gore seam extending to the shoulder. The back is fancifully draped, and is also fitted by gores whose back edges are gathered up under the central portion of the back, the latter falling in sash ends nearly to the bottom of the dress skirt. Though there are sleeves to the pattern, which is

No. 4683, price 35 cents, they are omitted in making this polonaise, and the arms' eyes are bordered with lace frills. A *laie* ruching encircles the heart-shaped neck, and cashmere lace falling from under a plaiting of the goods trims the edges of the front and the sash end. Bouquets of artificial flowers are caught here and there over the closing, and also at the ends of the strip of plaiting simulating a pocket.

The skirt is a long full train and has a front gore, two gores at each side and two long back-breadths. It is trimmed with two rows of knife-plaiting, stitched near the upper edge of each, the lower one being quite wide, and the other very narrow. The pattern is No. 4226, price 40 cents.



4699

Front View.

4699

Back View.

LADIES' WATERPROOF CLOAK, WITH COLLAR AND DEEP CAPE.

No. 4699.—The pattern to the comfortable and useful garment illustrated by these engravings, is in thirteen sizes for ladies from twenty-eight to forty-six inches bust measure, any size costing 40 cents.

To make the cloak for a lady of medium size, four yards and a-fourth of goods, fifty-four inches wide, will be required. Several rows of braid may be used as trimming, if preferred.



4693

Front View.

4693

Back View.

MISSES' POLONAISE, BUTTONED DIAGONALLY.

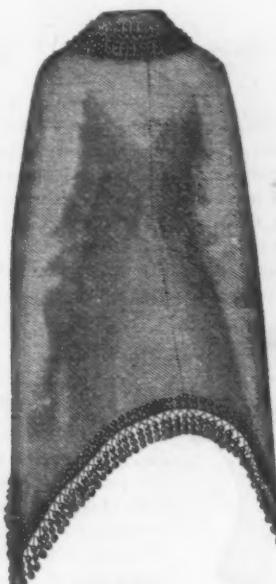
No. 4693.—To make this stylish polonaise, which closes at the left side and has a pocket at the right side only, 5 yards of goods, 27 inches wide, are necessary for a miss of 12 years. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and its price is 30 cents.



4711

Front View.

LADIES' WRAP.



4711

Back View.

No. 4711.—The wrap illustrated is made of light cloth and handsomely trimmed with worsted ball-fringe. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To cut the wrap for a lady of medium size, 3½ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be needed. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



4715

Front View.

4715

Back View.

GIRLS' APRON.

No. 4715.—A very dainty little apron is represented by these engravings. It is made of white cambric, and trimmed with an edging of lace headed by a tiny band of colored cambric. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and costs 15 cents. To make the apron for a girl of 6 years, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of goods, 36 inches wide, are needed.



4695

GIRLS' CAP.

No. 4695.—This cunning specimen of youthful millinery is made of seal-brown velvet softly folded over a foundation crown, and peach-blossom silk daintily Shirred to a foundation brim. The cape is composed of a single puff of silk, which like the Shirred silk has a tiny ruffle left at each edge. Ties of ribbon are attached to each rounding corner of the brim, and a full bow of the same with ends is caught

to the back of the cape and another to the top of the crown. Lace is plaited about the face, and all the seams are stayed with ribbon wire to keep the cap in shape. The pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 1 to 8 years of age. To make the foundation for a girl of 4 years, 5-16 yard of velvet 20 inches wide, together with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of silk of the same width, will be required. Price of pattern, 15 cents.



4713

Front View.

4713

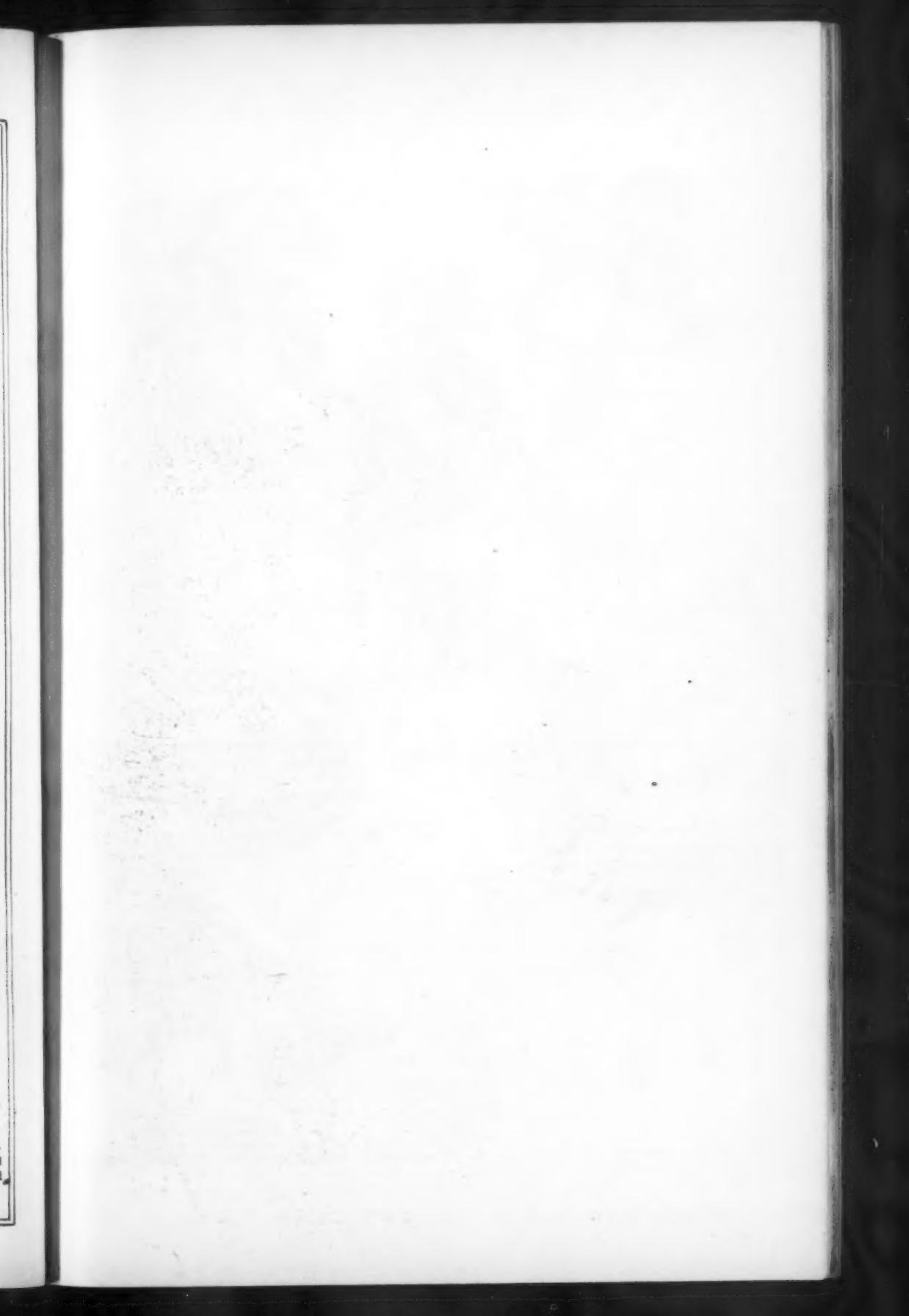
Back View.

MISSES' CORSET WAIST.

No. 4713.—The garment illustrated is made of dril-ling, and may take the place of a corset if desired. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 25 cents. To make and line the waist for a miss of 12 years, 3 yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. Cable-cord is used instead of whalebone to support the seams.

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ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

Vol. XLV.

FEBRUARY, 1877.

No. 2.

History, Biography and General Literature.



MOUNT DESERT.

BY E. CHARDON.

THE southern coast of Maine is bold and rugged in its character, and has been washed and worn by the sea until it is broken into numerous islands, reefs, peninsulas and headlands. A thousand arms of the sea insinuate themselves into the land beyond the actual coast line, washing and wearing, until all that is soluble in the soil is loosened and carried off, and only solid and rugged cliffs and rocky debris remain. The scenery on the northern coasts of Scotland and Ireland may be grander and wilder than this;

but on our own continent there is nothing which will compare to it in rugged picturesqueness, boldness, scope, grace and boldness of outline, and varied forms and color. The sea is dotted for many miles with rocky and barren islands of every size, from that barely large enough for a sea-bird to perch itself upon, up to the island many miles in circumference, the home of a thrifty, hardy race of people, who compel the barren soil and more fruitful waters to yield them a scant sustenance. Besides these plainly perceptible islands, there are many lines of reefs, the locations of which are indicated by the white, angry waves which keep incessantly turbulent

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(67)

above them. Among these smaller islands lie the larger ones, and back of them all the mainland, with hill-sides overgrown by vines and bramble-bushes with here and there a scraggy cedar holding fast to the broken, rocky surface; and the still grander outline of mountains, lifting their cliffs, wrinkled, corrugated and unyielding toward the sky.

The largest island on this Maine coast is called Mount Desert. It is perhaps fifteen or sixteen miles in length, and nearly as much in width, and for beauty and grandeur of scenery it is unsurpassed. Though lying at the mouth of a river, it is not merely a low-lying alluvial deposit, as islands frequently are in such localities. It, with its three hundred or more neighboring islands at the mouths of the Union and Penobscot Rivers—and in common, probably, with all the islands upon the coast—were evidently once portions of the mainland. But the waves have been diligently at work for ages, washing, undermining and carrying away, until now all that remains are the adamantine rocks with a little soil clinging to them in places inaccessible to the water. Give the ocean time enough, and it will reduce the whole of the peninsula embracing Maine, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia to a mere rocky archipelago, carrying away the movable soil and depositing it upon that slowly rising island off the coasts of New Foundland. When that Island shall eventually rise above the surface of the water, it will be a question to be settled between Great Britain and the United States as to which country it rightfully belongs. The island may be off British shores, but the material of which it is formed will have been literally stolen from the United States. And may not a man claim his own wherever found? Ocean is tireless and indefatigable in her labors of this sort. Her achievements are scarcely perceptible in a single generation, or even in a century; but they tell in the long run. Continents are denuded grain by grain, and continents built in the same manner. It is something for those who understand the philosophy of the ocean currents to explain why the shores of the Atlantic facing to the south are thus worn into ragged tatters, with numerous islands and deep soundings; while those facing to the east are uniform in outline, with soundings so shallow that they can scarcely be said to be soundings at all, and are as monotonous in their features as they are in their outlines.

Mount Desert has for a long time been the paradise of artists, who have found there an inexhaustible store of picturesque and beautiful scenery, embracing ocean, rocks, cliffs, mountains, beautiful inland lakes and magnificent skies. Cole was one of the first, if not the very first, to discover the beauty of this place; and after him came Church, followed by a procession of artists, whose names all belong to the history of art in this country—Gifford, Hart, Bierstadt, Brown, Colman and others. There is still a dilapidated house known as the Lyman homestead, in the vicinity of Schooner Head, bleakly located, with an old well-swept and a withered tree in its yard, which has been the recognized

rendezvous of these artists, it being in the neighborhood of some of the greatest attractions of the island. After the beauties of the place had become advertised by the means of these artists, it naturally became a summer resort for pleasure-seekers both near and far. Now its hotels are crowded every summer by swarms of visitors, who come, not to dress and dissipate, but to enjoy nature in the most simple and rational ways, and to add to health and strength by rambles up the mountains, or along the sea-shore, and by bathing and boating.

The island may be reached by means of a bridge, which connects it directly with the mainland. From this bridge the various points of interest are accessible by tolerably passable roads. The pleasantest route, however, to those who do not stand in fear of sea-sickness, is by the steamer, which threads its way among the thousand islands which border the coast, passing safely but by a hair's breadth dangerous reefs and frowning headlands.

Entering Southwest Harbor, as it is called, one of the most prominent objects is the lighthouse, which stands upon a rocky island, and has its little cottage and bit of green grass, high out of the way of the most turbulent waves.

The mountains which present a wall along the southern shores of the island, are most beautiful as seen from this harbor. There are thirteen peaks in all, rising almost abruptly from the very edge of the water, in graceful outlines, but with summits bare, hard and unyielding. In the strong sunlight of a summer noon, they seem in their rocky barrenness to have a brazen and burnished look. Approaching nearer the shore, it will be perceived that the shoreline is dotted here and there by cottages, surrounded by cultivated fields, while brown heather and sombre evergreens soften somewhat the grimness of the rocky cliffs.

Southwest Harbor takes an inland curve for about half a mile, while the sea penetrates still further into the island in Somes' Sound. On the eastern shore of the sound the mountain slopes gradually to the water, while on the western side it rises perpendicularly for a thousand feet. There is but little foliage upon this mountain side, and it is barren, gray and forbidding. The water is very deep at the foot of the mountain, and the sound is broad enough to anchor many vessels of the largest size. During the Revolutionary War, portions of the British fleet used frequently to enter the sound. It may be of quite as much interest to mention that this is one of the numerous places where Captain Kidd buried his money and treasures, for which, even in this locality, there has not been an entire absence of seekers.

Skirting the island to the eastward in boat or steamer, the traveller passes a magnificent panorama of mountain scenery. On the eastern shore of the island is a promontory dangerous to the unskillful mariner, known as Great Head. Here the cliff lifts itself perpendicularly for many hundred feet, rugged and scarred, and without a trace of green, while the sea thunders and swells in monstrous waves at its foot.

Further on is Schooner Head, interesting for its

remarkable cave, known as "Devil's Den," "Cave of the Sea," and by other names. This cave can only be entered at low tide, and then with difficulty. But once within, the view is grand beyond conception. In the bottom of the cave are pools of water, where are found orchids, sea-anemones, star-fish, and delicate weeds and mosses; while the waves come rolling and roaring to the very entrance of the cavern, restrained from entering by the rocky barriers. The entrance to the cave presents the form of an irregular arch, out of which a view of the ocean may be obtained. But it will not do to tarry here too long, for in an hour the waves will obtain the mastery over the rocks, and if the visitor is not already out of their reach, they will show him no mercy. Other caves, quite as beautiful and more accessible, known as "The Ovens," may be found on the northern shore of the island.

Dangerous and difficult as is the navigation in these waters, the difficulty and danger is greatly enhanced by the liability to sudden and blinding fogs in these regions. The fog will creep down instantly and unexpectedly over the waters, impenetrable to the eye; and the stranger who ventures out upon the sea finds it equally dangerous to drift or to ply the oar. He may be beaten to pieces upon a reef, or dashed to his destruction against the rocky shore, and only be able to recognize the danger when it is too late to recede from it. The pilots on the boats, however, seem to know every inch of the way, and thread the maze of the islands and reefs as swiftly and securely in a fog as in the clearest light.

The inland scenery of the island, composed of views of valleys, mountains, lakes and distant glimpses of the sea, is quite as deserving of attention as that of the coast. Altogether, Mount Desert is one of the most attractive and desirable sea-side resorts which the Atlantic coast presents, and its advantages are certain to be more appreciated every year.

GLEANINGS.

BY RUTH.

AS Ruth of old, in Boaz' field,
Followed the reapers to and fro,
Seeking, perchance, some scattered grain,
Dropped from the harvest's overflow,
So would I fain, with humble feet,
Enter the borders of that field,
Where waves the harvest ripe with song,
And mighty hands the sickle wield.
Not mine to reap the golden grain,
Not mine to garner up the sheaves,
Not mine to join the busy throng—
I can but search among the leaves.
But if it chanced one hungry heart
Should feed upon my scanty grain,
And draw new life and vigor thence,
I shall not then have gleaned in vain.
And when, the day's long labor past,
Bearing their sheaves the reapers come,
I may be worthy, having gleaned,
To sing with them the harvest-home.

NUREMBERG.

BY C.

NUREMBERG (pronounced by the Germans Nuernberg,) was once the greatest and most wealthy of all the free imperial cities of Germany, and is now the third city in the empire. It is situated in the northern part of Bavaria, and contains about one hundred thousand inhabitants, ninety-five thousand of whom are Protestants. It is surrounded by a nearly level country for many miles, which is highly cultivated. There are no heights around Nuremberg, as some gazetteers inform us, but on the north edge of the city, just inside the wall, is a bold, abrupt hill, ninety or one hundred feet high, on which is the Reichsfeste, a castle, most of which was built in the time of Frederick Barbarossa. In it is a famous picture collection, occupying ten rooms. Nuremberg is surrounded by ancient walls, flanked by towers, and enclosed by a ditch one hundred feet wide and fifty feet deep, except at one place, where it has been leveled, and the moat filled.

Nuremberg retains its ancient aspect to a greater extent than any other city of its size in Germany; but this is true of only that part of the city inside the walls. Outside the grand, old-fashioned, battlement walls is a population of five thousand or more in handsome modern houses; there is one broad, handsome avenue, which runs one-third of the way around the old city, on which are large warehouses, and beautiful gardens for amusement, refreshments and music (and the same are to be found inside the old city), and this avenue makes a turn and runs at an acute angle into the city, at the place where the wall has been leveled and the moat filled.

The wall of this old Protestant city is from fifty-five to sixty feet high; there are seventy towers, rising from twenty-five to seventy feet above the wall. Twelve of them are said to be for the twelve apostles, each of which is one hundred and forty-five feet from the ground, and round, narrowing but little toward the top; they do not look so high, because they are from fifty to sixty feet thick.

The river Pegnitz, about sixty feet broad, runs through the city under the wall, which places, in old times, were strongly defended by iron bars. The river forms a beautiful island of an acre or so, inside the city, by spreading into two natural channels, and on the island is a stone tower, which was there before any other house was where Nuremberg now stands; it is supposed to be the tower of an old monastery; but nothing of the building of which it was a part has remained for hundreds of years. The tower is used for storing baled straw.

Nuremberg has many nice churches. The two most famous are the St. Sebald and St. Lorenz, the first is on the north, and the last on the south side of the river, about one-third of a mile apart, both immense stone structures. The Lorenz kirche, or the Lawrence church was finished about the year 1280. Its most remarkable work of art is the "pix," a sort of tabernacle of white

marble, exquisite and intricate in its sculpture, running up on the inside of the church, at one end, to the top, under the apex of the roof, then curving gracefully and running horizontally along under the middle of the roof a few feet, where it comes to a point; it is one of the works of Adam Kraft. Sebald's grave—in German, *Sebaldus-grab*—is the great art work in the other church. It is much larger, but not so high as the "pix," it appears to be more than twenty feet square and thirty feet high. It was made by Peter Vischer (Fisher) and his sons. It is pure white marble, and though two or three centuries old, it looks rich and white and fresh, being protected from all weather. It is exceedingly elaborate, superb and delicate; there is not a finer piece of sculpture to be seen. There are many other large gothic churches that are well worth examining. None of them are ever heated.

It is nearly four hundred years since the Nurembergers changed their creed and religious connections, almost in a day, by a common, universal impulse; the priests and their congregations espoused the Reformation at the same time, and continued to worship in the ancient Catholic churches and cathedrals, which their fathers had built centuries before.

In nearly all other cities, the old churches which were formerly Catholic and changed to Protestant at the Reformation, are destitute of any ornamentation inside, such as crucifixes, statues, pictures and other things with which the Catholics delight to fill their churches, for the Protestants looked upon those things as so many abominations, and tore them all out. But the Nurembergers had a different notion; they kept all the pretty works in their churches, and have always been good Protestants, mostly Lutherans.

Some few Catholics, who refused to join the Reformers, remained in the city, and at times others joined them, so that, about seventy years ago, they numbered a few thousands. Then the Protestants gave up one church to them, the "*Frauenkirche*," in which they continue to worship.

All the figures of the cross are like this: I not t; and, according to Jewish accounts, the Nuremberg style is the correct figure. The Jews have lately erected a fine synagogue. The city hall is a vast and interesting building, very old. Its picture gallery has the finest collection of Albert Dürer's works in the world.

Albert Dürer visited Vienna, Florence, Dresden and Venice, and some of his greatest paintings were done in those cities; only one in the Dresden gallery was purchased in Italy after his death.

In 1840, a statue was erected to Dürer, in the most elegant and spacious square in Nuremberg, called the Albrecht Dürer Platz. It is of bronze, and stands upon a marble pedestal of unusual breadth and height, which was made in 1771, the three hundredth year from his birth. He is standing, with paint-brush in right hand, fallen by his side; a pallet is held in the other hand, also partly dropped, as if he had just stopped to speak with some one. Long, curly hair falls upon his shoulders in beautiful profusion, and his face expresses

gentleness and benevolence. The house in which he lived is on that platz, and contains the household things he and his family used, and even some little frocks and toys of his children. His body and that of Sachs' are buried in St. John's cemetery.

Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, lived and wrote his ditties in Nuremberg. Some of which are standard German proverbs, and some have been translated by Longfellow. He died in 1578, and not till 1874 did they honor his memory with a statue. It is of "heroic" size, in a sitting posture; he has on his leather apron; an old shoe is strapped upon his knee; he has laid down his hammer, his awl has rolled off upon the floor, and he is jotting down on a piece of paper some thought that appears to have just occurred to him. On one side, on the floor, lie in confusion four or five books. The statue is bronze. It stands in a square which, for two hundred years, has been called Hans Sachs' Platz.

Nuremberg's great sculptor was Peter Vischer, and a street is named for him. Most of the streets are narrow and crooked, they are also fantastic in gables, angles and curious windows and chimneys. Many houses have paintings on the fronts. The city has changed less in the last three or four centuries than, perhaps, any other in Germany. The streets are very clean. The moat is faced with masonry, there are eight bridges over the moat, which by the eight gates lead into the city. There are only eight bridges and gates, though some travellers may have said there were twelve. And there are only seventy towers on the walls.

Anything about Nuremberg would not be complete if the remarkable intellectual and mechanical activity of its people were not mentioned, for three hundred years, as well as now. It has taken the lead of all the world in many important inventions and scientific discoveries. If Professor Morse had not brought the telegraph to the notice of the world at the time he did, its discovery would probably have belonged to Nuremberg; for a scientist there had it nearly perfected at the time. The first application of electricity by wire for striking bells for fire, was made by a Nuremberger, who first put it into operation in Berlin, in 1851; it was next used in Boston in 1852. For fifty years or more, in the early days of printing, more was done at Nuremberg than in any other city, but the art was not invented there. The first railroad train on the continent of Europe ran from Nuremberg to Fuerth, about twenty miles; but they were running in England before. For more than five hundred years it was one of the "imperial free cities" of Europe, and sent its new inventions and useful wares to all countries. The guns used at the battle of Cressy, England, where gunpowder was first used in battle, were made in Nuremberg, and its people were the inventors of firearms. It was the city of the meister sänger (master singers) that Longfellow mentions. Hans Sachs was one of them.

Among the great men of Nuremberg was Melanchthon, who preached the Reformation there. A collection of the works of Kaulbach has been recently added to the art attractions of the city.

Two important cartoons are among the drawings sent by the heirs of the painter.

The very singular appearance of a youth, about fifteen years of age, on the evening of the 26th of May, 1828, in the streets of Nuremberg, arrested the attention of every one. He was strongly built, but seemed scarcely able to use his limbs, while his eyes were hardly strong enough to bear the dim twilight of the late summer eve. In his hand he had a letter addressed to a well-known citizen which he presented to every passer-by. He was conducted to the house of the gentleman, where he refused all food, but plain bread and water. No one knew what to make of him; he could repeat a few words, and could write the name "Kasper Hauser." It was evident he was not an imposter, but had been kept in complete isolation and obscurity.

Professor Daumer attempted, by gentle degrees, to awaken his dormant faculties. He learned with rapidity, and some recollections of the dreary years of his childhood rose before his mind, and the professor hoped eventually to gain some clue to his history, but his enemies, who had all the time watched him, after about four years, attempted to assassinate him, but failed. Then Lord Stanhope, an English nobleman, who was residing at Nuremberg, took him under his protection. But, with all his care, on the 14th of December, 1833, Kasper was enticed, by an unknown person, to a solitary grotto, where he was stabbed with a dagger. Every effort was made to discover the assassin by the authorities, and by Lord Stanhope, who offered a large reward for the arrest of the murderer, but the efforts were in vain. It has recently been discovered that Kasper Hauser was a prince. The eldest son of the Grand Duke of Baden.

BRONZE VASES.

JAPANESE BRONZES.

THE Japanese display was a source of never-failing interest to those who visited the Centennial Exhibition. Especially did the bronzes, with their marvellous wealth of ornamentation, minuteness of detail and exquisite finish, elicit the wonder and admiration of all. These come chiefly from the province of Kaga, where artificers in bronze have worked successively for over six centuries. To many of these pieces from three to five years of continuous labor has been given. Two varieties of metal are noticed, one of dead hue, the other of a highly lustrous surface. Age may collect on one the prized patina or greenish rust, on the other a white incrustation. The bronzes of dead surface are moulded, those of bright tints are cut, turned or chiselled by hand. The polished bronzes are often elaborately inlaid with gold, silver or colored alloys, in waving lines, border, base or alto-relief. The so-called "walls of Troy" or "Greek" border—known in Japan for many centuries past—is a common device.

"Mechanically," says Lyman Abbott, writing for the *Illustrated Christian Weekly*, "Japanese art is perfect. There is a detail of finish which is

rarely to be found in our work. American artists are too busy, there is too much to be done; slighting of work in detail is one of the common and natural vices of a busy and prosperous people. A grotesque imagination has produced the Japanese designs, and it is a genuine imagination. The artists are not mere imitators. They possess a fertility of intellectual resource of which the Chinese exhibit affords little or no indication. But when one asks himself, 'What is the office of art?' he is compelled to recognize the fact that Japanese art fundamentally fails.

"Japanese art is wonderful; the imagination is boundless; the patience of labor is tireless; the forms wrought out are of things the like of which has never been seen and never will be; but they are without inspiration. There is not a tableau of such beauty as to suggest anything better than the common life. The art of mediaeval Europe was full of angels. They were sometimes very hale and hearty and well-fed angels; but they had at least the suggestion of an endeavor at something better than the common life of man. Mariolatry in art, in its best and purest forms, was not an unmixed evil. When the whole tendency of feudal times was to make men subservient to brute force, it was worth something to have a religious art everywhere setting before the imagination an ideal of motherhood and childhood. When the home was either a peasant's hut or a baronial castle, and purity of love and domesticity were lost in sensualism, as the clear waters of an Alpine stream in the muddy waters of the Rhine, it was a grand thing to have churches where art was a constant suggestion to sorrowful mothers, burdened fathers and brutal barons, of a something higher, purer, better; a Genevan lake, whose calm purified the muddy stream of a turbulent life.

"You look in vain in Japanese art for anything of this sort, or for any approximation to it. It is sensational; it is grotesque; it is horrible; it is amusing; but it is never calm, or inspiring, or ennobling. The creatures of the Japanese imaginations are all monsters; the favorite theme of the Japanese art is some form of cruelty. The cat is preparing to spring upon the unsuspecting mouse; the snake is fascinating with his glittering eye the bird; the dragon is gathering himself up for a spring upon his victim; or two or more unearthly shapes are wrestling together, in horrible contortions, in a deadly combat. Or if a more agreeable theme be chosen, it is grotesque; a crane with immensely elongated neck, a stag with horns that become the arms of a candelabrum, a group of little tortoises playing on the back of a monster tortoise, or a set of chubby nondescripts.

"But nowhere, so far as we now recollect or could then discover, nowhere a noble deed, or a purifying ideal; nowhere enshrined a thought like the Madonna and child of European art, or a tradition like St. Christopher, or St. George and the Dragon."

Our illustration gives a fine specimen of the peculiar artistic method of the Japanese workers in bronze. The central piece in the group stands four feet high. It is composed entirely of bronze, except the panels between the dragon handles,

which are ornamented with silver and gold. "The panel on this side," quoting from *The Illustrated Catalogue of Gebbie & Barrie*, to whom we are indebted for our illustration, "represents a knight doing penance by standing under a cata-

beasts that serve as handles, is more easily understood. The panels in these have birds and butterflies copied, with wonderful fidelity and spirit, after nature, and are really beautiful; and in these pieces, as in all the articles of Japanese manufac-



From Gebbie & Barrie's "Masterpieces of the U. S. International Exhibition, 1876."

ract, and on the obverse he is seen, his sins washed away, having a quiet cup of tea with a couple of friends. So far the European ear traces a meaning in the design; but when it comes to explaining the half-human monster, the dragons, the sea-serpents and other animals, it is only possible to suppose that they may be the representations of traditional creatures such as figure in the Arabian Nights, and the like of which learned scientists assure us once walked or crawled upon the face of the earth and swam across the seas. The decorations of the smaller vases, saving the winged

ture, we see a minuteness of workmanship and finish such as no Christian people can afford the time to emulate."

PIETY is the foundation of virtue; where the spring is polluted, the stream cannot be pure; and where the groundwork is not good, the building is not lasting; he does nothing that begins not well; that is only praiseworthy which proceeds from a right principle. Divinity is a better stock than morality to graft on; little can be expected from depraved nature.

STUDIES OF CHARACTER.

BY MARY W. EARLEY.

Conversation between a Father and Daughter.

DAUGHTER.—Look what a queer contrast! That new house just finished, with all the modern inventions and improvements, standing beside that quaint, old house.

FATHER.—That old house was built in colonial times, and I am told the family will not allow one article of furniture to be changed or superseded, and to this day use wine-glasses with a circlet of thirteen stars cut on them, to represent the thirteen colonies.

D.—And their flower-garden is as quaint and old-fashioned as their house and furniture.

F.—Yes, they keep the same kinds of flowers in the flower-beds as those that were planted there a century ago—damask roses, sweet-williams, pinks, tulips, lilacs and hyacinths. They would consider it almost sacrilegious to admit a verbena or any floral favorite of modern times into their quaint, old colonial garden.

D.—The most modern books they have in the house are "Rasselas" and "The Vicar of Wakefield." I wish you could have seen the old gentleman's look of horror one day when the young man from the next house, glancing over his library, pronounced with a positiveness that left the subject open to no further debate, that Spenser was stupid, Milton a bore, Addison prolix, whilst he dubbed Ben Johnson, Bacon and several others together as "old swells." It was certainly a curious coincidence that caused these families to be neighbors. They afford the sharpest contrast to each other I ever saw.

F.—These two families may be considered as representing two striking elements in human nature—a delight in things familiar and a delight in things novel—which two traits are at the bottom of the conservative and radical elements in society. I do not use the terms in a narrow, political sense, as including any particular bodies of men in any particular age or country, but as expressing elements which we can trace in every social circle, in the history of every community, of every nation, in all ages.

These two elements are as essential to each other as the centripetal attraction to the centrifugal, and the one suggests and implies the existence of the other as surely as the odd implies the existence of the even, motion of rest, upper of under. The radical element preserves the world from stagnation, the conservative from anarchy.

D.—According to your theory, everything has a counterbalance by which the equilibrium is preserved.

F.—This is true. Conservatism is a counterbalance to innovation which might otherwise prove rash, feverishly rapid and in many ways injurious. On a superficial glance, conservatism may seem opposed to progress; but when we look below the surface, we find that it abets true progress. The watchful challenge and the obstructions of conservatism render progress more gradual, and thus more healthful and stable, whilst at the same time it guards us from the

overflow of that rash and restless innovation sometimes miscalled progress—that spurious progress which "Kenelun Chillingley" so humorously compares to the skipping about of grasshoppers.

Conservatism affords much the same check to radicalism that Fabius did to Minnicius, when these two were made joint commanders of the Roman army, opposed to Hannibal. "It was fortunate for the State," says the historian, "that Fabius and Minnicius continued in joint command of the army. The phlegm of the one was a check on the vivacity of the other." It is happy for the world that the cautious conservative places a check on the rash innovator. Yet, however invaluable in nations and in households is the conservative element to unitize, to give stability, to guard and hold fast the accumulated stores of the past, yet there are epochs when the operation of the radical element is essential to the welfare and development of the nation or individual—epochs when it is necessary to put away an old order of things which perhaps has had its measure of grace or worth, has been useful, nay, essential in its time, but now has come to impede the footsteps, or, like a garment outgrown, to shackle the limbs. At this crisis of the national or the individual history, the radical element in our nature must be called into play to rend off the old garment and to initiate us into the new era. It was in such a crisis that Martin Luther arose and uttered his protest. History is filled with such crises, and on a smaller scale they come to us all at some time or other of our individual lives. Protests have to be uttered and revolutions undergone in the shades of private life as well as on the grand stage of history.

This is essentially the age of innovation. Never before was there an age of such intellectual activity, such free investigation, such deep questioning into all subjects. New schools of thought are being founded, new theories of religion, government, sociology, and all subjects, are being constantly broached. All that was deemed sacred and august in the past is being subjected to a free investigation and analysis. There seems to be an upheaval of all questions, an unsettling of all things; and yet, beneath the restless flux and influx in the religious and intellectual world, in the lives of nations and individuals, there lies an element which restrains the flood, which sets a bound to its restless waves, saying, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther"—the spirit of conservatism, which, like the dykes that protect Holland, guards society from any injurious excess of innovation.

YOUTH is of no long duration; and in maturer age, when the enchantments of fancy shall cease, and the phantoms of delight dance no more about us, we shall have no comforts but the esteem of wise men, and the means of doing good. Let us therefore stop, whilst to stop is in our power. Let us live as men who are sometime to grow old, and to whom it will be the most dreadful of all evils to count their past years by follies, and to be reminded of their former luxuriance of health, only by the maladies which riot has produced.

"LIVING SUNBEAMS."

BY JOHN B. DUFFEY.

"Bright humming-birds of gem-like plumeletage,
By western Indians 'living sunbeams' named."
BAILEY.—*The Mystic.*

PART I.

AS soon as the first warm, sunny days of summer smile upon our northern lands, it is no uncommon thing to see, even in the narrow precincts of the city garden, a tiny object darting, like a flashing sun-ray, from flower to flower, with a swiftness that almost defies observation; so swiftly, indeed, at times, as scarcely to be seen at all, but seeming to become suddenly visible at a certain spot, and then as suddenly to vanish from sight. Glancing in the sun, it displays a brilliancy of coloring vividly recalling the words which Audubon applies to this same fairy-like visitant, so that one is almost ready to believe with that enthusiastic naturalist, that it is a veritable "fragment of a rainbow" which flits and flashes before our admiring eyes.

Should you happen to have a son in his teens, of a scientific turn of mind, he may, perhaps, in the first flush of that ambition to use high-sounding words, which seems so natural to the callow scientist, be pleased to inform you that this little bit of brightness is a *Trochilus*, and belongs to a family of birds called *Trochilidae*, of the order *Incessores*, and tribe *Tenuirostres*. You, it is possible, have studied Greek and Latin, but have no knowledge of the somewhat arbitrary meanings given by science to words from those languages, and, therefore, are not much the wiser; though, on turning the matter well over in your mind, it may come to you that your son has simply told you that your brilliant little visitor is a *slender-beaked, perching wren*; a piece of information not likely, under the presumed circumstances, to add to your enlightenment. However, some practical-minded friend may relieve your uncertainty by whispering in your ear that, hidden under all these big words, is the simple English "hummingbird." Whereupon, to show *your* familiarity with Greek, you may retort upon your precocious offspring, by telling him that you can see no sense in calling a humming-bird a *Trochilus*, inasmuch as any enlightened scholar well knows that the *Trochilus* was an Egyptian bird, having nothing at all in common with the humming-bird. It must be confessed, too, that the names given to the latter by the aboriginal tribes of the West Indies, and of the mainland in the same latitude, were, like our own humming-bird, far more expressive, and, as is the case with all such names in primitive languages, highly poetical. By these tribes, humming-birds were known as "living sunbeams," "shooting-stars," "hairs of the sun," "hill-stars," and by many other equally poetic and characteristic names.

These slender-billed, perching wrens form a very large family of extremely small birds, there being already more than three hundred known species, while naturalists are continually finding new ones. That humming-birds as beautiful in color and as strange in shape as any now in our

collections have yet to be discovered, is evident from the fact that so many forms are still needed to supply missing links in the chain of species.

Besides being one of the most beautiful of bird-groups, the family of humming-birds is also one of the most remarkable in ornithology, and the most interesting, perhaps, of the animal kingdom. Subsisting, for the most part, on the nectar of flowers, or upon the insects which share with them in the quest for it, we generally associate them in our thoughts with flowers, to which, in their delicate and fragile forms, and in their varied and brilliant hues, they seem to be so closely related. Sharply distinguished from others of the feathered tribes, as well by their general appearance as by their more specific characters, they can be recognized at a glance by the most casual observer; and some of the family are well-known objects to almost every one, if in no other way, at least, by the immense number of stuffed specimens which have been carried to all parts of the civilized world, either for ornamental purposes, or as additions to the cabinets of science. The show-cases of taxidermists the world over are made attractive by their brilliancy and loveliness, while they compete with ostrich and bird-of-paradise plumes as decorative adjuncts to the head-gear of woman.

To see these "living sunbeams" in the fullness of their splendor, one should visit the great group of islands between Florida and the mouths of the Orinoco, and also the mainland of the southern continent as far south as Paraguay. In these regions, amid forests of bloom and verdure, where blossoms scarlet, purple, blue, rose-color and golden-yellow, profusely blend with every imaginable shade of green, swarms of radiant humming-birds are seen darting and buzzing about like winged gems—"now a ruby, now an amethyst, now an emerald, and anon like glowing and burnished gold." Here is their center of abundance, though a few species summer in colder latitudes, even winging their annual flight to Alaska on the north, and to Patagonia on the south of the equator. Others, of feeble wing, do not migrate at all. It is, further, a singular fact in the history of the family, that they are exceedingly capricious in their choice of locality, some being spread over a vast extent of country, while others are restricted to a belt of land hardly more than a few hundred yards in width; and still others, like some of the *Hill-stars*, as they are called, are confined to a narrow zone on a single mountain. As has already been intimated, the number of species diminishes rapidly as we recede from the equator. It seems evident, from the fact that they have been met with flying about in a snow-storm in the Straits of Magellan, that they can live in a comparatively rigorous climate. Two species have been discovered in the comparatively remote island of Juan Fernandez; while the ruff-necked has been encountered as far north as the sixty-first parallel. Of those whose constant home is in the tropics, many inhabit elevated Andean regions, building their nests among the low shrubs bordering the line of perpetual snow. The duller-colored species, in which are included about one-tenth of the

entire group, find a home in the dense forests of the Amazon.

Though, as has already been stated, easy of recognition as a family, the different species of humming-birds are separated from each other by variations comparatively slight: in the length and curvature of the beak, for instance; in the shape of the wings, or in the greater or less development of the tail, and the like. In some remark-

which their plumage is characterized. The metallic lustre is particularly observable upon the throat, where it forms the distinguishing gorget of the males. It is commonly wanting in the female, who, as is usually the case with the perching birds, is generally more modest in her dress, and otherwise so different in color from her partner, as to be frequently mistaken for a different species. The gorget changes its brilliant hue with every change of light, and in it, alone, among birds, does the rainbow find an adequate counterpart; though it has been observed, that, under certain conditions, the plumage of our dullest birds—of a sparrow's wing, for instance—when held up to a strong light, and half spread out, will show the colors of the rainbow in a moderate degree. Among the most usual body colors, various greens, particularly of the golden series, predominate; while purples and violet-blacks are most usual on the tail. Contrasting with throats of ruby and of topaz lustre, are others of a brilliant white, which comes down over the breast, like a lady's neck-kerchief. As a compensation for this simplicity of tint, there is on each side an emerald sheen, set around, as it were, with gems of the same lustrous hue. Then again, this radiant tint appears on the stomach, if we may be allowed to use the word in this connection, its effect being heightened by the richest ultramarine, which is freely strewn over the head and the long feathers of the tail. In other instances, the same part of the body is



SWORD-BILL HUMMING-BIRD.

able species, as, for example, the sword-bill humming-bird (*Docimaster Ensiferus*), of which we give an illustration, the bill is actually longer than all the rest of the bird, a characteristic not elsewhere known among birds; and in general it is of greater length than the head.

The dazzling sheen, gorgeous flashings and changing lustre, which, ever since the discovery of the New World, have made these beautiful little creatures objects of universal admiration, are due, for the most part, to the iridescence by

decked out in feathers arranged like a lady's ruff, with borderings of the most brilliant hue. But the diversity of coloring is almost indefinite: at one time the colors of the head and wings are plain, almost dull, while the body is dazzling and gorgeous in a diversity of tints. Then, again, the tail is particularly resplendent, with vivid colors lighting up its entire surface, or broadly edging it, and leaving in the centre a stripe of immaculate whiteness. Tufts of dazzling brilliancy frequently ornament the head, or fall downward from the

beak; while the legs are similar to those of other small birds, excepting that they are usually short, or emerge from little bunches of small feathers, technically called "boots," and which are of various hues, though mostly either black or white.

The diminutive size of humming-birds—the largest known species being scarcely larger than a swallow, while others, when stripped of their feathers, scarcely equal a humble-bee in weight—has still further contributed to make them objects of interest. Their slender bills present many singular forms, and are wonderfully adapted to the kind of flowers from which the bird obtains its food, being straight in some, and curved in others. The lower half of the beak fitting into the upper, it is thereby converted into a tube for sucking, in which, and also in seizing small insects in the recesses of the flowers, the tongue is likewise a very efficient organ. The tongue is peculiar, being long and slender, like the wood-pecker's, and, like it, capable of being thrust out to a great distance, by means of two prolonged "horns" at the base, which curve round the skull, and cause it to dart out as if moved by a suddenly-released spring. Double-barrelled in structure, it consists of two thready tubes, united for the greater portion of their length—an arrangement which, in conjunction with the peculiar formation of the beak, facilitates the extraction of honey from the nectaries of flowers, by a process which may be voluntary suction, or a sort of capillary attraction, or, perhaps, partly both. The latter mode of suction is probably due to the peculiar formation of the tip of the tongue, which is divided into a pencil of delicate hairs, well fitted for imbibing the honied juices of flowers.

With regard to the food of humming-birds, there has been in the past considerable difference of opinion. They do not, certainly, as was once believed, feed on honey alone, but to a considerable extent and, in some cases, chiefly, on insects, not rejecting spiders. On the other hand, some of the smaller kinds are themselves made the prey of spiders, in one species of which, the bird-catching spider, as it is commonly called, (*Mygale Avicularia*), found in the tropics and as far north as Florida, they find a dreadful foe. This enemy weaves a huge web, of a spiral form, and nearly as strong as thread, once entangled in the meshes of which, our fairy-like little birds are lost. But, recurring to the question of food, we may state it as a settled truth, that humming-birds require a mixed diet of both honey and insects; though it must be admitted that some captive specimens have been supported for a considerable period on a syrup of sugar and water.

In their habits, humming-birds are mostly diurnal, although many species are only to be seen at dawn or at sunset. Others seem to dwell in a sort of perpetual twilight, in the deep recesses of tropical forests, where the beams of the sun are scarcely able to penetrate. One solitary species, the name of which is not given, never shows its beauty to the sun; and were it not for its lovely colors, the naturalist would be almost led to place it among the goat-suckers. It is the largest of the

family, and, it may be, is represented in the giant humming-bird, of which we give an illustration. In color, it is of a mingled red and changing golden-green, except upon the head, which is black, as are also the tail-feathers. It seems to avoid the sea-coast, and places where the water is salt. It prefers the forests along the rivers of fresh water, and dark and lonely creeks, leaving its dusky retreat before sunrise, to feed on the insects hovering above the water, and returning to it as soon as the first rays of the sun cause a glare of light, not to reappear until after sunset.

Within the range required for its exercise, the sight of the humming-bird is very acute, as is also the sense of hearing.

The wings of humming-birds are remarkable in several respects. They are of extraordinary length and power. In general, they are sharp, thin and pointed. The upper arm-bone is shorter than in any other bird. The breast-bone is immense, as compared with the size of the bird, with an enormous keel, giving room for the wonderfully-developed pectoral muscles, by which the wings are moved, and which constitute nearly the entire fleshy substance of the bird. The whole conformation beautifully and most perfectly illustrates a well-established law in regard to the wings of birds, viz.: that the nearer the longest quill-feather is to the body, the more rapidly the wing may be moved. It is interesting to observe, remarks Mr. Coues, from whom this fact is derived, how in some other birds a similar result is brought about by different means. In the partridge, for example, without the special shortening of the upper arm-bone, to which we have referred, the longest quill-feather is brought nearer to the body by the roundness of the wing; and this bird, as is well known, makes correspondingly more rapid wing-beats and vigorous whirring flight. It is further to be noticed that the plumelets of the quills are narrow and compact, and firmly united together, thus forming a substance, when the wing is in play, almost like a thin plate of whalebone, which, by presenting resistance to the air when struck, and permitting none to pass through the webs, produces that humming sound heard more especially when the bird is hovering near a flower. The reasons for this peculiar conformation are obvious. Its great purpose is the power of vigorous and long-continued flight, by which the bird is enabled to go safely through its migrations, and to sustain the protracted flights necessary at times for its preservation, and during which it has often to withstand a passing gale, a sudden shower or even the rigor of a snow-storm. The regions in which it lives are, at certain seasons, subject to prolonged rains, which drench and almost inundate its nest; or to hurricanes, which, in a few moments, leave only a wreck of all that was just before so magnificent and so luxuriant; and so, gifted with such peculiar powers of flight, it quickly wings its way to some locality where the reparation of a similar devastation, perhaps, is going on with all the magical rapidity of tropical vegetation.

In the humming-bird, quickness of wing-vibration is at its maximum. The eye cannot follow

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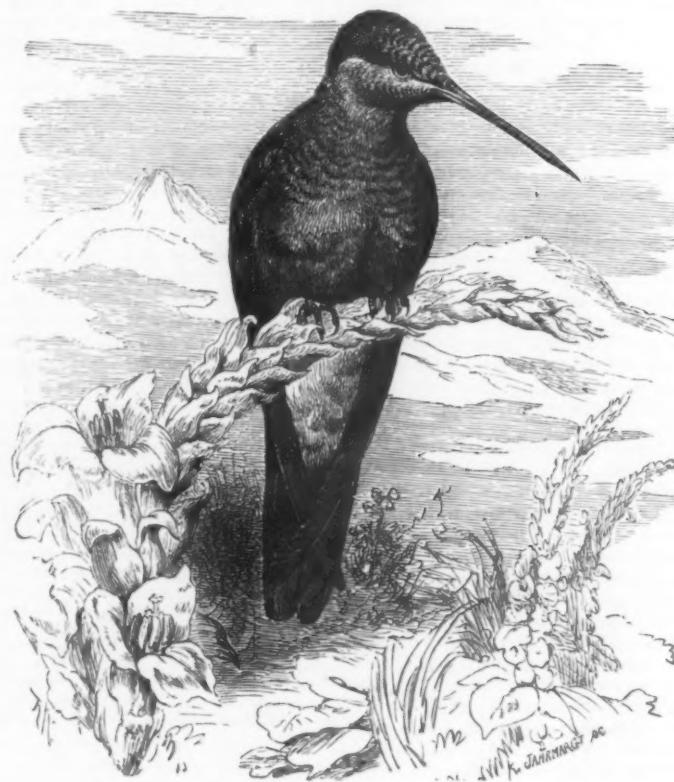
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the strokes, but merely perceives a film, a mist, as it were, on each side of the bird. Its flight is also the most rapid of all birds. It does not seem to fly, but to dart, shoot, flash, like the sunbeam after which it has been named. It need scarcely be added that the peculiar sound from which the family takes its common name in English, and in other languages as well, is not vocal, but produced by the rapidly-vibrating wings. So characteristic is this humming, that it is not precisely the same in any two species, and, we are told, an observant ear can often detect the species of a humming-bird by the sound it produces while on the wing, one kind making a noise exactly like the whizzing of

pectoral muscles, that these birds were formed for spending, as they do, the most active part of a restless existence in the air—on the wing. The feet are scarcely ever used for walking, the birds taking to their wings to perform even the shortest journeys.

In the strict sense, humming-birds are not gregarious, though great numbers of them often collect at favorite feeding-grounds. Besides being the most active of birds, they are also among the most spirited and even irascible. They are extremely pugnacious, and exhibit the utmost boldness, especially in defending their nests and young. This display of valor probably gave rise



GIANT HUMMING-BIRD.

a wheel driven by machinery, and another like the droning hum of a large bee. We may add here, in respect to the common name, that in German the humming-bird is usually called "honey-sucker," and in French "bird-fly," the foundation for this latter being, no doubt, the diminutive size of the bird. And, to finish up this point, we may quote Bullock for the assertion, that a humming-bird will remain in the air motionless for hours together, hovering in a space so small as barely to permit it to move its wings.

The feet of humming-birds are of the least size compatible with the required stability, showing, in connection with what has been said of the

to the Mexican belief that the bodies of these tiny creatures contained the souls of slain warriors. Toyamiqui, the wife of the Mexican war-god, is fabled to have conducted the souls of such warriors as had perished in defense of their divinities, into the mansions of the sun, where they were transformed into humming-birds.

In the construction of their nests, humming-birds display exquisite skill and wonderful sagacity. Their nests are sometimes pensile, but ordinarily are saddled upon a small bough, or in crotch. They are tastefully decorated exteriorly, and at the same time effectually concealed from prying eyes, by being stuccoed over with bits of

moss and lichen, so as to look like a mere knot on the supporting bough. Inside they are comfortably lined with delicate, silky, cottony or downy vegetable fibres. In their nest-building there is one peculiarity specially worthy of mention. In almost every case where a nest has been examined, the materials of it are so arranged as to shield the eggs from the bad effects of rain or atmospheric influences whilst the mother is seated upon them. In climates where thunder-storms are so frequent and violent as in the lands most generally inhabited by these birds, it is necessary that the eggs should be protected from the deadly influence of electricity, and we accordingly find that the nests are oval or rounded in shape, and made of substances which are bad conductors of the electric fluid. The birds never lay more than two eggs, of an elongated form, and, as will readily be inferred, in some species of wonderful smallness. The eggs are white, and hatched in from twelve to fourteen days.

With the exception of one single species—the Vervain—the humming-bird seems to be without any melodious song, and even in this one case the song appears to be rather a pleasing twitter than a melodious combination of notes. The male thus possessing no real song, the resplendent beauty of his plumage has to compensate him and his mate for the absence of that gift of song, which is so prized in other and plainer birds.

According to those who have experimented that way, it is no difficult matter to tame humming-birds and render them familiar. They have been known to return again in spring, after a winter's migration to a warmer climate, to the very same window from which they had been allowed to escape. Nevertheless, so far, attempts to keep tamed humming-birds have generally failed; chiefly, it is to be inferred, on account of their being supposed incapable of subsisting on anything but honey or syrup, whereas insect food, as we have seen, is absolutely necessary for maintaining them in a healthy condition. Peale, owner of the one-time museum known by his name, had two tame humming-birds. Gauze curtains divided off a space for them, and prevented them from dashing against the walls, while flowering shrubs below offered them homes and hiding-places. Many attempts have been made, but rarely with success, to carry them across the Atlantic.

The more civilized American races before the discovery of the New World, employed the skins and feathers of humming-birds in various decorative purposes, forming with them head-ornaments, bracelets, girdles and mantles. They were also used by the Mexicans in making those pictures which so won the admiration of their Spanish conquerors, and which, woven of the tiny feathers of these birds, were declared to be superior in the soft brilliancy of their tone, and exquisite variety of color, to the finest mosaics of the old world.

Wilson was acquainted with but one North American humming-bird; and Audubon knew of but two or three more. In 1858, Professor Baird nearly doubled the number, including seven in his work. In 1872, Mr. Coues was enabled to recognize eleven species in his "Key," one of

which, however, he acknowledges to have been purely adventitious. Since this time, a large and beautiful species (*Eugenes Fulgens*) has been discovered by Mr. Henshaw to occur over our Mexican border, where, doubtless, additional species will eventually be found.

Seven, or perhaps eight species, have been noticed within the limits of the United States. They are, as nearly as can be made out from the materials at hand: 1. The Ruby-throat (*Trochilus Colubris*); 2. The Rufous Flame-bearer (*Selasphorus Rufus*), quite common in the Rocky Mountain region; 3. The Mango (*Trochilus Mango*, found on the Florida Keys; 4. The Anna (*Trochilus Anna*), noticed on the Rocky Mountains toward California; 5. The Purple-throated (*Costi*), which, with the former, is found in California; 7. The Broad-tailed Flame-bearer (*Selasphorus Platycercus*); and, perhaps, 8. *Eugena Fulvens*, another species, a native of Mexico, but which appears to have been seen near Boulder, in Kansas, by Mrs. Maxwell, the energetic little woman well-known to those who have visited the great Exhibition as the "Huntress of the West."

Of the above-enumerated species, we have space for notices of but two or three.

The ruby-throat (*Trochilus Colubris*), so called from the brilliant metallic feathers blazing upon its throat with ruby lustre, is abundant almost everywhere throughout the United States in summer, and has a range extending from Mexico to as far north as the fifty-seventh parallel. It is scarcely necessary to enter into a minute description of this beautiful little creature, which must be known to most of our readers, since it is a very common visitant of our gardens during the summer. It is of the ruby-throat that Wilson, the poet-ornithologist, thus sings:

"When morning dawns, and the blest sun again Lifts his red glories from the eastern main, Then, through our woodlands, wet with glittering dew, The flower-fed humming-bird his raid pursues; Sips with inverted tube the honeyed blooms, And chirps his gratitude as round he roams, While richest roses, though in crimson dressed, Shrink from the splendor of his gorgeous breast, What heavenly tints in mingled radiance fly! Each rapid movement gives a different dye; Like scales of burnished gold they dazzling show, Now sink to shade, now like a furnace glow."

The ruby-throat usually reaches Savannah, Georgia, in its northern migrations, about the last week in March, and is in New York, in favorable seasons, by the first week in May. Their migrations are probably carried on during the night. Their flight is made in a series of long undulations. Confiding in their unrivalled power of wing, they fear neither eagle, hawk nor owl, and, though scarcely more than three inches in length, think nothing of assailing any bird of prey that may come too near their nests. A ruby-throat, we are told, has been seen to attack even the eagle, perching upon the head of its gigantic enemy, and pecking away with a fury that sent the eagle's feathers in every direction, and caused the affrighted bird to dash screaming through the air, in a vain attempt to rid himself of his tiny assailant.

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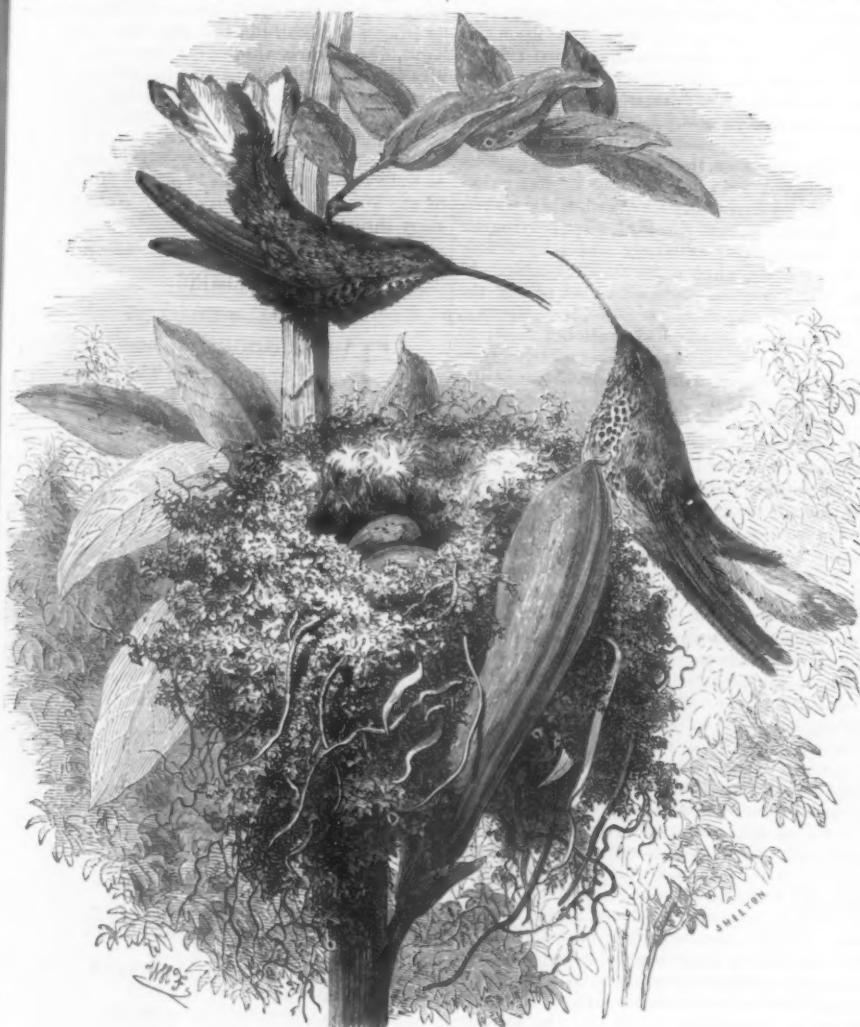
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This beautiful bird is very easily tamed, and when tamed is a most loving and trustful little creature, though it is so timid that its capture uninjured is a difficult matter. Webber, after many ineffectual attempts, finally succeeded in securing one. "While my sister," he writes, "ran to prepare a syrup to feed it, I gradually opened my hand to look at my little prisoner, and saw, to my

the point of its bill, it came to life very suddenly, and in a moment was on its legs, drinking with eager gusto of the refreshing draught. When sated, it refused to take any more, and sat perched with the coolest self-composure on my finger. In less than an hour this apparently tameless rider of the winds was completely domesticated. By the next day it would come from any part of either



RUBY-THROATED HUMMING-BIRDS.

no little amusement as well as suspicion, that it was actually 'playing possum'—feigning to be dead most skilfully. It lay on my open palm motionless for some minutes, during which I watched it in breathless curiosity. I saw it gradually open its bright little eyes to peep whether the way was clear, and then close them slowly as it caught my eye upon it. But when the manufactured nectar came, and a drop was touched upon

room, alight upon the side of a white china cup containing the mixture, and drink eagerly, with its long bill thrust into the very base, after the manner of pigeons. It would alight on our fingers, and seem to talk with us endearingly in its soft chirps." After keeping his pet several weeks, Webber found it beginning to droop, probably from the exclusive diet of honey, and set it at liberty. As soon as the window was opened, the

bird darted out like a ruby meteor, and vanished. In hopes of attracting him back again, Webber prepared a cup of fresh syrup, and placed it in a cage invitingly in the window. He waited long, and was about giving up in despair, when he saw his pet once more hovering before the window. "The little fellow was darting to and fro in front of his cage, as if confused; but the white cup seemed to overcome his doubts very quickly, and with fluttering hearts we saw him settle upon the cup as of old, and while he drank we rushed lightly forward to secure him. We were quite rebuked for our want of faith, threw open the door again, and let him have the rest of the day to himself."

To Webber we owe the discovery of a curious habit connected with the nesting of the ruby-throat. He had frequently observed, while watching for their nests, that the bird, after leaving its station, would shoot suddenly and perpendicularly into the air, until it became invisible. At last he had the great satisfaction of seeing the female bird fall, like a fiery aerolite, from the sky, upon the spot where she had built her nest; so that this singular habit of ascending and descending must have been for the purpose of concealing the precise position of its nest.

There are several varieties of the flame-bearers, two of which, as we have seen, are found within the limits of the United States, viz., the rufous and the broad-tailed. The former of these, known also as the ruff-necked humming-bird, was originally discovered by Captain Cook. A native of Mexico, it has been observed all along our Pacific coast as far north as Nootka Sound. Nuttal met with it near the Blue Mountains of the Columbia River. He describes it, when engaged in collecting its accustomed sweets, as darting, buzzing and squeaking, in all the energy of life, "like a breathing gem, a magic carbuncle of glowing fire, stretching out its glorious ruff as if to emulate the sun itself in splendor." At times the males were seen darting high up in the air, and whirling about each other in great apparent anger, and with incredible swiftness. Their angry hissing or bleating note on these occasions seemed somewhat like *whit'ell sh vee*, tremulously uttered, as they whirled and swept through the air, accompanied also by a sound not unlike the whirr of a night-hawk. Dr. Townsend compares the curious note of this bird to the sound produced by the rubbing together of two branches during a high wind.

The broad-tailed flame-bearer (*Selasphorus Platycercus*) has a range extending from New Mexico to the Black Hills, and probably still further north. Its flight is wonderfully swift, and characterised by a sharp, whistling sound. It is one of several species within the past few years ascertained to inhabit the United States, long after its original description as a native of Mexico. It seems to be quite common among the mountains of Colorado and the adjacent territories, where the great abundance of flowers which nearly cover the ground in the valleys furnishes it with a rich supply of its chosen food. "It arrives in the vicinity of Idaho Springs," writes Dr. Coues, in his "Birds of the Northwest," "about the middle of May. It is

universally distributed, wandering over all the mountain-sides and throughout all the valleys, and even penetrating at times the depths of the forest—in short, wherever it can find flowers it is at home. The sound produced by its wings is very peculiar, quite unlike the humming of the ruby-throat; it is a loud, rattling noise, more like the shrill chirrup of a locust than the buzzing of wings. It is an expert insect-catcher, pursuing its prey with lightning-like rapidity. It has the habit, during early summer, of mounting forty or fifty yards straight up in the air, poising itself a moment or two, and then darting down again, repeating the same manœuvre several times in succession. Sometimes a score or more may be seen darting up and down together in this way for half an hour or more." In this habit, we are reminded of the similar trait observed by Webber in the ruby-throat.

GROWING.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

THROUGHOUT this growing season,
Of rain, and sun, and dew,
I feel a growing in me
Of all things good and true.

The green grass on the hill-tops,
The wheat-fields of the land,
The green things in my garden,
All grow up and expand.

From morning until evening,
From evening until dawn,
The changes follow—follow—
The growth goes on and on.

So in my soul and spirit
I feel a reaching out,
Up over strife and worry,
Up over fear and doubt.

As golden rays of sunlight
Draw verdure from the sod,
So by His loving kindness
My soul is drawn to God.

And like the heats of noon tide,
And like the healthful rains,
Have been the fires of sorrow—
Have been my woes and pains.

Has all this growth no purpose?
Who dares to say my soul
Shall end on earth its mission,
And find no higher goal?

Whiter than any harvest
That grows upon the sod
Are the truths within me growing,
To lay before my God.

So in the growing season,
Of summer and of youth,
I feel my soul and spirit
Reach upward after truth.

The Story-Teller.

THE HELPING HAND.

NO T even a word of recognition!" The speaker was a woman. Over her gentle face had fallen a shadow of disappointment. She was sitting at a table, in a plainly-furnished room, with books, magazines and writing materials before her. In her hand was a literary review, the last page of which she had just turned.

"Not even a word of recognition!" she repeated, in a tone of discouragement. "Every book but mine noticed; mine, into which my heart went with such a loving interest. I am hurt, and cannot help it!"

She laid her cheek upon her hand, and sat, sober-faced, for a long time. Then arousing, with a sigh, she turned to the table, and shutting her portfolio, murmured: "Yes, it may be so. Only a few possess distinguishing literary ability; only a few have power to command the public attention and move the public heart. I am not, it seems, of the number. Ah, well! It is of no use striving with the inevitable. I must step aside, and give place to men and women of higher endowments."

She arose, and began walking, with slow, even steps, the floor of her room. After a while she resumed her place at the writing-table. She had just seated herself when a servant came in and handed her two magazines and a letter. She glanced at the letter, and not recognizing it as from any known correspondent, deferred breaking the seal until she had looked in the magazines, which ought to contain notices of her book. Her hand was nervous as she cut the leaves of the first one opened; and her eyes went, hurriedly, from page to page. Then she became motionless and intent. There was recognition here! Twice she read the notice of her book; then leaned back in her chair, with wet lashes quivering on her crimson cheeks.

"Feeble, commonplace and harmless. We may commend the volume to parents as a safe one to introduce among children."

That was the recognition.

"Feeble and commonplace." The tears which had wet her lashes swelled now to a flood and ran over her cheeks. She was hurt to the quick. Earnestly, thoughtfully, and with true and delicate perceptions of mental and moral states, had she written, thinking more of the good to be done than of the fame to be acquired. She had intruded her consciousness, with a clear-seeing vision, into the actual of human life, and held a mirror up to nature. But the critic, dipping in here and there, and scanning this page and that, out of all just connection, saw only commonplace things and trite moral sentiments. No brilliant passages arrested him; no gorgeous cloud-castles of thought which the sun of reason dissolves into airy nothing; no ambitious paradings of sounding and unusual words meant to conceal meagre thoughts; no, nothing of these were found: and so, without taking time to comprehend the author, her book

was thrown aside with the easy utterance of "feeble, commonplace and harmless," and thought of no more.

Nearly ten minutes went by, and then the other magazine was opened.

"Writes carelessly at times"—"a little more attention to style would give greater acceptability to her works"—"nothing very brilliant or striking; but a deal of human nature and solid sense"—"will do good in her day, but scarcely be heard of in the next generation: books of this class do not live."

There were some flashings of indignant feeling from the no longer wet eyes; lips curled proudly and a little defiantly. Our author was but human. The simple love of doing good was not strong enough to bear her calmly through an experience like this.

"A lady wishes to see you," said the servant, opening the door again.

"Who is it?" was inquired.

The servant gave her a card, on which she read the name of a friend.

"Say that I will be down in a moment."

The servant withdrew, and she made a few trifling but hurried changes in her toilet.

"I fear my visit may be an intrusion on your time," said the friend, as they stood with warmly-clasped hands; "but I felt constrained to call this morning."

"No visit from you can ever be an intrusion," was replied. Light was breaking through the face over which clouds lay a moment before.

"I have just finished your new book," went on the visitor. "As I turned the last page I felt a strong desire to tell you how much good it had done me. My mind was in darkness as to a great principle of life when I commenced reading. This principle you illustrated in so clear a manner that I now see it as in noonday light. I thank you, my sister, for true words distinctly spoken—thank you not only in my own name, but in the name of thousands to whom they will come in blessing. God has given you the power to move hearts, and, what is still better, the will to move them for good."

Dry eyes were wet again.

"There can be no higher praise than this!" was modestly answered. "Whatever power I possess is, as you have said, God's gift; and I pray ever that He will show me how best to use it in His work. I am not very strong of wing; I cannot, eagle-like, dwell above the mountains. At best I am a home-bird, singing under the eaves, or cooing at the windows."

"The birds we love and cherish," said the friend. "But why do I see tears on cheeks that should be radiant with smiles?"

"The heart is weak. It is not always satisfied with the simple doing of good. To do good is so easy, so unimposing, so unattractive and commonplace. The world admires the brilliant and

the aspiring; will stand gazing at the eagle as he rises toward the sun, all indifferent to the robin, the thrush or the dove. The imposing and the difficult exert admiration, while a simple good deed is often misjudged as pharisaical, and earnest admonition to do right sneered at as cant."

"Dear friend, I cannot bear this from you," answered the visitor. "Why in so strange a state? You are not envious of the eagle?"

"Oh, no, no! Not envious, I trust."

"What then?"

and enlighten the understanding, as thousands can testify. You need not care for a superficial or prejudiced critic, if you can speak to the people, and stir the common pulse. Your work is with and for the people. You comprehend their daily life-trials, and are gifted with ability to speak to them understandingly. Your work is not to amuse, nor to extort admiration, but to help. You do not write from a poor, selfish desire to get praise and fame, but to do good—good in all degrees of life, from the highest to the lowest. And



"I am human, and human nature is weak. We cannot, unmoved, hear our work depreciated."

"Has yours been depreciated?"

"Yes. This book, which has helped you, meets with no favor from critics. One passes it as of no account, not so much as announcing its publication, while another calls it dull and harmless. I should not care for this, I know. But the heart is weak. Such things hurt and discourage me. I feel as if I had no true power."

"And yet you have power to move the heart

few, my friend, have been more successful. I would rather have your sheaves in my garner on that day when the Lord of the harvest shall come, than the sheaves of any worker that I know in your field of labor. I say this sincerely, and may it give you comfort and strength! Don't, as Emerson says, think, in your work, of its *acceptability*, but of its *excellence*. Do it always earnestly and well, according to the gifts by which you are endowed of God, and He will take care that no hand obstruct its course. Just so sure as it is vital

with the power of helping your brother or your sister in weakness, or of lighting them in a dark way, will He make your voice heard."

"I thank you for such strong words of encouragement," said our desponding one, as the calm dignity of conscious strength and purity of motive came back into her face; "and thank you, especially, for that last suggestion. Emerson has struck the right key—has given the true philosophy. I have been thinking more of the acceptability of my work than of its excellence; more of what might be *said of it* than of what it *was*. Thanks, again, for this helping hand in a moment of weakness! I shall be stronger, I trust in the future."

Alone, after this friend had departed, and stronger than before she came, the criticism that stung so sharply was read again.

"'Writes carelessly at times.' That is a fault," she said, "and should be corrected. 'A little more attention to style would give greater acceptability to her works.' Then it is my duty to give it more attention; and I will endeavor, and feel obliged and not hurt by the suggestion. 'Nothing very brilliant or striking, but a deal of human nature and solid sense.' Why, that is a positive compliment! I read it as a sneer before; but now it has a tone of sincerity and good-will. 'Will do good in her day, but scarcely be heard of in the next generation; books of this class do not live.'"

The closing sentence touched the quick again. Not heard of in the next generation! No permanent life in such books! It was hard to accept of that judgment.

"But what," she asked herself, as right thoughts took their right position in her mind, "have I to do with the next generation? My work is in the present, and if I can do good in my day, the effect will not only go to the next generation, but to all generations. As to the life of my work, if there be in it a heavenly vitality, it will not soon die."

The letter which had accompanied the magazines, and which had been forgotten, now looked up from the table and claimed attention. The seal was broken:

"DEAR LADY: Forgive this freedom; but my heart is so full of thankfulness that I am constrained to write. Your last book has been to me a saviour and a consoler. Oh, in what a midnight of passion and error was my soul groping, when light came to me through you, and I saw a gulf at my feet! Back, back, back I moved, shuddering! And now I am on firm ground, with reason clear and conscience in her place. How clearly, yet how tenderly and lovingly, did you demonstrate a truth, which, had it come to me in almost any other way, I would have rejected. But as a gentle, wise and considerate sister you approached me, and, laying your hand on my arm, said, 'Come and let us reason together.' You first won my confidence, then beguiled my interest, and then told me the truth in such calm, direct and earnest words that I was convinced, warned and saved. God bless you, my sister! You will never know the good you are doing until it is revealed in the world to come. Go on—go on, in Heaven's

name! The heart of a stranger blesses you, and says, faint not, fail not."

Tears flooded the lady's face again; but there was no bitterness in them now. The helper was helped in her hour of weakness, and strengthened against the enemies of her peace—enemies, we mean, who were lurking in her own bosom, and exciting pride, ambition and love of fame, so that they might act as hindrances. Stronger, calmer and in a nobler spirit even than before, she turned to her work again, and gave to it that living vitality by which it had power to overcome evil and establish good. Neglect and cold unappreciative criticism had made her comprehend her own weakness, and been the means of opening her mind more interiorly, so that it could receive a higher influx of light. She was stronger and wiser from self-conquest, and thence able to infuse more of wisdom and human love in all that came from her hand.

OLD MARTIN BOSCAWEN'S JEST.*

BY MARIAN C. L. REEVES,

Author of "Wearithorne,"

AND EMILY READ,

Author of "Aytoun," etc.

CHAPTER III.

Here where the boughs stir apart in the gloaming,
Moving drowsily back for dreams going and coming,
She leans—though the wood-tick is sounding alarms,
And the night-owl forebodes—secure from all harms,
On the gate she leans dreaming.

MADELON stops short in the doorway in blank astonishment. What has come over everything!—over Leah, over the kitchen, even over the hen scratching broodless and companionless at the outer doorstep opposite?

For a moment, Madelon can hardly detect wherein lies the change in that usually most cheerful room. But she soon sees that the walls and great dresser are denuded of the bright tins, their chief ornament, and that there is a disordered air about the apartment, as if it had been hurriedly re-arranged. The smallest of smoky turf-fires smoulders on the hearth; and Leah is bending over it, stirring the most meagre of gruels—not so carefully, however, that she cannot turn at Madelon's step, and ask, with much gloom in her voice: "Be the maister asleep? It's little of a nap he'll get, since it ha' pleased Maister Seth to come back in such a hurry."

"Has Mr. Badger arrived?" asks Madelon, with curiosity; adding, with a little air of authority: "He must not go up-stairs until Mr. Boscawen wakes."

"He will, though," answers Leah, coolly. "That be his way. Your not seeing through a millstone don't betoken blindness. Don't 'ee be saying before Maister Seth aught about the meals, now." Leah gives the caution for no other reason in the world than because she likes to deal out

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1876, by MARIAN C. L. REEVES, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

that article liberally. "That the maister has his freaks and whims, I'll not deny; but that he's a right for to have 'n, I always maintain. 'Starve him out! Starve him out!' the maister keeps saying to me; and if bad cooking can do it, it shall be done."

Madelon laughs. "But you will get a sorry reputation, Leah, if Mr. Seth Badger is your only guest."

"We ha' got that already. All the neighbors say we're starved; and we'll not worry the family by the sight of a full pot." And then, suddenly raising her voice many keys higher, "you needn't be feared of rain, for last night the new moon were flat on her back, and not a drop of water can she spill in that fashion."

Madelon turns with surprise to look at Leah. Has the old woman gone suddenly mad? But Madelon sees at once the method in her madness; for there is a man coming in at the opposite door, of whom Leah has certainly caught a glimpse or the sound of his footfall, though nothing in her face shows this.

"So, this is Mr. Seth Badger," Madelon thinks, and takes as full a survey of him as good-breeding will permit. She is not at all prepossessed. He is by no means ugly, she admits, notwithstanding a decided red hue in his hair. But of what possible advantage is a good figure, when he keeps his shoulders bent as if rather used to slouching through the by-ways of life, than to walking uprightly in its highways? And how is a man to look like a gentleman, in spite of straight-cut features and a well-cut coat, who comes into another man's house with a sort of blustering swagger, as if he were the only person in it? Madelon's decision upon Mr. Badger is, perhaps, assisted by a little feeling of indignation at his mode of treating her: for though she is conscious of a furtive glance from under his red eyelashes, he passes directly by, as if he had not seen her.

"What have you there, Leah?" he asks, walking toward the fire-place, where Leah is still on her knees, stirring the gruel. "I am hungry enough to eat you."

"I'd be sure to disagree with you," answers Leah, sharply; then adds, with a decided whine in her voice: "There's not much in the house. I be making a drop of gruel for the maister. But there's a salted pilchard, and a bit that were left over of a parsley-pie."

"Confound your parsley-pie!" says Seth, roughly. "I believe it's true enough, the saying that the devil himself is afraid to come into your corner of the world, lest you Cornish should put him into a pie. A parsley-pie! Have you any eggs?"

"Eggs be scarce, and my eyes just capsized with this smoke—it's been the work of the world to tine the fire." Leah fends the question, wiping her much-abused features with the corner of her apron.

"What is in this saucepan?" asks Seth, suddenly stooping and lifting a cover which Leah has artfully tried to conceal with her skirts. "Sweet-breads! Not a bad dish, if properly dressed."

"Be that what you call 'en?" asks Leah, as if

obliged by the information. "Michael Polgren, the butcher's boy, he told me they were the insides of a calf, so I gave 'en a handful of spare-mint out of the garden for 'en, for the mint's no use, and I thought I could make a soup of the other. A'most anything'll do to make soup of," she goes on to explain.

"I don't care to try sweet-bread soup," says Seth, knowing nothing of the art of parboiling. "Neither do I care for your wretched pilchards. You must manage to get me something while I am here."

He is searching with finger and thumb in his breast-pocket while he speaks; and now he brings out a bank-note, which he lays open on the table, in the evident expectation of overwhelming Leah with the amount of his liberality. But Leah, as if she had not an idea of its worth, takes it up as she would a common bit of paper, and says, discontentedly, slowly rolling the note through her fingers: "Suppose I'll ha' to go over and see if Trenoweths ha' any chickens to sell. Maybe they ha', though there been a deal of cholera amongst their fowls."

No doubt Seth Badger misses the conclusion of Leah's remark; for just then Madelon leaves the kitchen, on her way up-stairs. She does not speak to Leah, who has dived into the wood-corner, in search of a basket, of which there seems to be a goodly number, bottomless and handleless, piled in a big costan, or basket of straw and brambles. But at last she emerges with one that suits her purpose.

"You'll look out that the gruel doesn't burn while I be gone?" she requests of Seth, reaching for her broad flapped hat, which hangs conveniently on the door.

"The devil cook your gruel!" he exclaims, roughly. "What kind of girl is that who has just gone up-stairs?"

"She's nothing pridy," begins Leah.

"Pridy!" Badger repeats, in a fine natural scorn of what one does not understand.

"I mean she's no beauty." Leah graciously explains the provincialism.

"I can see so much for myself. What I wish to know is, what sort of disposition she has?"

"She's a kind of soft," answers Leah, with a knowing little nod. "Leastways, that be my notion of 'en. For the way she bears the maister's whims and crotchetts would break down an ox in my opinion."

"She may be deep as a well in that particular," says Seth, regardless of the mixing of metaphors. "A rich old man's whims are worth putting up with." And then he adds abruptly: "How long has she been here?"

"How long? Let me see," with an air of consideration. "This is the last part of July, and she came here about midsummer; yes, I think. Maybe you can count that," she adds, as if uncertain of her arithmetic.

"I should think I might. If the girl is a fool, she will thrive here," says Seth, with a shrug of contempt.

"Na, I can't say if it's healthy or no; though the old place do seem always to agree with you,

"Maister Seth," returns Leah, blandly. "As to me and my rheumatism, a body might a'most think we're ill-wished, we be that bad at times. Uncle Saundry, the droll-teller, the other day when he were here, he were all for my hunting for a forked bramble to cure it; but, as I say, if I'm ill-wished, not all the forked brambles as Father Adam ever sowed can take off the spell. To be sure, the doctors put everything on the air now-a-days; but it's my opinion that's because they don't know where else to put it, and the climate's convenient-like."

"Too light a diet is the matter in this house," says Seth, dogmatically. "Eat some of my dinner, instead of that mess you call soup in the saucepan, and see if you don't feel twice as strong when you finish."

"Oh, your dinner!" exclaims Leah, with sudden remorse in her voice. "And here be I standing, with the chickens not only to buy, but to kill and cook, and you complaining of starving! I only hope you can eat 'en when you get 'en, for the Trenoweths be none so particular as to the age of their fowls. I must be quick, or the maister's gruel will burn, and he's monstrous particular about his gruel, is the maister."

"I'll go up and see him while you are away," and Seth moves to the door.

Leah waits until she hears his heavy step well mounted up the stairs, when she sets down the basket and takes off her hat.

"Maybe I can find a chicken nearer hand than Trenoweths," she mutters to herself. "And, like Maister Seth, manage to keep hold of the money. He'll be none the wiser, nor none the poorer, for the matter of that."

And the deceitful old woman goes out to slaughter one of her own fowls, hidden away in an outhouse.

Seth Badger opens Mr. Boscowen's door, hardly using the ceremony of knocking. A frown comes over his face when his first glance discovers Madelon seated by the window reading. It is to her, no doubt, that he owes the fact of his visit's being no surprise to his uncle. Seth Badger does not care to be looked for, as that interferes with certain little projects of his for the future. He would have felt no relish for the account of Leah's tactics down-stairs, which Madelon has been giving her guardian, though much astonishment at some of the revelations made therein.

"Hush!" old Martin interrupts her, although he has laughed at her recital until the tears roll down his cheeks. "Hush!" he repeats; and Seth's step is heard in the great, bare hall.

Madelon takes up a book, and over it watches her guardian hastily wiping away the traces of his recent mirth; there is something pathetic in the act to her.

"Well, Seth, is that you?" Mr. Boscowen asks, when his nephew enters and stands before him. "You are like the wind, my boy; no one knows where you are from, nor how fast you travel."

Seth seems perfectly contented with this welcome. Hand-shaking and a cordial greeting do not come under his ideas of good-breeding; or he does not care for such mere outward show. So he

only nods, and says: "Yes, I am here. I took a walk over the farm before I came in-doors. There isn't a pound to be made of the land, if things go on in the way they are doing."

"Very likely, very likely. Who cares for the property, when the master is an old log like me? But it would make no difference, you know, if the land should happen to be mortgaged, whether it is in good order," he adds, with a chuckle.

Badger is standing on the hearth, his back to the fire-place, and is facing his uncle—a position in which he has a good view of Madelon, upon whom he keeps so protracted a stare that even old Martin's attention is attracted by it.

"You haven't met Madelon before, eh, Seth? Well, you'll know her the next time you meet. She's my ward. The girl Mary Boscowen has had."

Seth adds to his stare a familiar little nod, of which Madelon takes not the slightest heed, until Mr. Boscowen calls out: "Madelon, this is Mr. Seth Badger, my grand-nephew, who wishes the honor of your acquaintance." When she gives a haughty gesture, hardly a bow, and goes on with her reading. It is plainly to be seen that Madelon has taken no great fancy to her guardian's grand-nephew.

"Why does she not go away?" asks Seth, in an audible aside.

"Perhaps she likes to stay," Mr. Boscowen answers, with a laugh. "But you can ask her yourself."

Madelon may as well be stone deaf and stone blind, for all the effect Seth Badger's polite question and dark looks have upon her.

"Send her away," he says, abruptly. "I have no time to play the fool, even if I had the inclination. I have something to say to you."

"Something of importance?" asks old Martin, with a twinkle of amusement in his eyes.

"You don't suppose I have come all the way from London to talk of the weather, do you?" sneers Seth. "That is like me, isn't it?"

"Money, Seth, only money, the root of all evil, the filthy lucre, has brought you thus far from home; and you cannot deny it—not you."

"If it has, you needn't preach. You haven't the very best of reputations, as far as the love of the dross is concerned," Seth answers, with a harsh laugh.

"Eh, so I hear, so I hear. At least that old fool Leah tells me there is some such chatter among the neighbors. That proves what nonsense amuses people when they discuss the affairs of others. But you, you know better, you know," persuasively, raising himself with some difficulty by the help of the arm of his chair, and bending forward to peer eagerly into Badger's discontented face. "Look at this room, and tell me if it has the air of one belonging to a rich man? Answer me that, Seth Badger."

"The room does well enough." Seth casts a careless glance around at the old man's bidding. "Perhaps you, like my grandmother, have a fancy for the hymn, 'Man wants but little here below.' Not that she didn't take all she could get; nor was she altogether content with either quality or

quantity. But if you had asked me about the rest of the house, instead of this room, I could not have praised the comfort of it."

"Yet, that is just what people see, who chance to come here," says his uncle, with eagerness. "Not many ever get up to this room. And yet, they will call me rich; and what they go on, no one knows."

"Go on! Why, they know you have money, and you don't spend it. No one supposes you give it away. The world is wider awake than you imagine, and no such fool as to judge entirely by appearances," is the polite rejoinder.

"Eh, so it is wise, is it? The world, I mean. It is difficult to put one's finger on a fool now-a-days, every one knows so much more than his father before him. And they believe a fool is a light kind of fellow; whereas, I've read—though perhaps not in the Bible, the only book that doesn't lie, it is said—that a fool is heavier than lead." The old man is muttering to himself, falling back upon his cushion, with anything but a feeling of dissatisfaction at the misjudgment of the world.

"Are you going to send that girl away?" asks Badger, this time dropping his voice, but looking with very evident impatience across where Madelon still sits.

"Of course, of course. And this is not the first time you have as much as asked her to go. How forgetful one grows with one's years. It is in at one ear, and out at the other. But it can't be helped, you know." And then he adds, seeing a gesture of impatience from Seth: "Madelon, my dear, your cousin—no, but he is not your cousin—no relation whatever, you know. Mr. Seth Badger has something to say to me in private, and, perhaps, you had better leave us for a little while."

There is an air of precision about the words, very unlike his usual mode of giving his commands: an evident desire, so Madelon thinks, to linger over her dismissal. She laid down her book when her guardian began to speak to her; and now she has risen, and comes behind him, resting her two hands on the back of his chair. She is facing Seth Badger, and her steady gaze never quails under the look he is giving her, of bold and indubitable admiration.

Madelon has never seen that look in any other man's eyes; in Seth Badger's, it is one which might bring a blush into a modest girl's cheeks. He is saying to himself: "If she is not pretty, she has eyes that compensate for it. It is worth while to make her angry, just to see them flash. I have heard of eyes flashing fire, but I always believed that a fiction, until now."

But Madelon has not a thought of herself, nor of Badger's opinion of her. The old, helpless man in the chair on which her hands are resting, has really her whole and undivided attention. For him, not for herself, is she angry with Badger; therefore is she able to say, quite firmly: "Do you wish me to go? For if it is only Mr. Badger's desire, I would rather stay."

"This old man shall not be bullied by you," Madelon's eyes, as she looks steadily at Seth Bad-

ger, are saying, just as plainly as if she spoke the words. It is absurd; for what can such a mere girl do to protect him? Badger laughs outright at the idea.

"Uncle Martin does not wish to discuss business before you. I should think," he adds, not unkindly, "you would be glad to get out of this musty old room for a little holiday."

"Yes, yes. It is business Seth has to speak of, you know. Run away, Madelon, child. Go down-stairs awhile: but don't be gossiping with Leah till you forget when to come back. Keep near; for when Seth has finished talking business, I'll be sure to need you. But you can go now."

Thus dismissed, Madelon only lingers to give Badger a haughty little glance of defiance. She is puzzled to know why, if her guardian dislikes his nephew, he should permit him to take such complete mastery here. Of one thing she is very sure, as she goes down-stairs into Leah's domain: she might cordially hate this Seth Badger, but she would never be afraid of him.

This certainty, Madelon repeats many times over to herself, on her way down; so it may be at least questionable if she does not at heart feel a shadow of dread of this man who can dismiss her from the room with no more hesitation than he would send away a child; and who stares at her as long as he finds it convenient so to do.

Perhaps Seth Badger has committed a mistake in making Madelon dislike and suspect him. But, then, he is not the man to fear a girl, any more than, she says to herself, she is the girl to fear him.

Leah is not in the kitchen, when Madelon reaches it; and as she comes to the outer door upon the town-place, and catches the flutter of a gown just disappearing in the only out-house which can stand without a prop, a smothered sound as of a chicken in the article of death, deters her from following.

Presently Leah comes out, bearing aloft a headless chicken, while, as if to prove it was not hatched in that condition, with much dexterity she throws the missing head into a flock of ducks, whereupon at once begins a squabbling for the dainty. The old drake quacks and bobs his ancient head, with the pretended zeal of a peacemaker—all the time himself having an eye to the delicacy. And while they are all bowing and quacking and making much ado over the matter, the cat darts in among them, and carries off the coveted morsel. Madelon stands laughing at the catastrophe, and at the solemn procession of discomfited ducks waddling off in single file after the drake, and softly quacking of the misfortunes of life. It is ever the same moral for the poultry and for the human race, Madelon thinks; for the child is beginning to have new experiences and new glories of life.

Leah she finds beyond any conversational effort; Mr. Seth's dinner, supper or whatever she chooses to call it, has upset her equanimity; and Madelon wisely leaves her to herself to recover.

So the girl strolls slowly across the court, where green moss-seams between the flags show how few footsteps tread this way to break the loneliness.

The day is at its stillest as she pauses at the gate. She looks at the patch of sandy road beyond, at the sand-hills, which are all that the double archways with their low-hanging ivy-boughs give her to see. A sudden restlessness comes over her; a wild longing to follow that road, on, on—to escape. But the old man may need her—all the more, Leah has said, because Seth Badger has come.

So Madelon puts aside her longing, and takes no farther flight, than, careful not to disarrange the prop which keeps the rickety gate in place, to swing herself up to the top rail, and take a most uncomfortable seat, clasping her hands on the gate-post, the better to balance herself, and resting her cheek upon them.

Her perch might seem a precarious one for anything much heavier than a bird; it just sways slightly with her, as yonder ivy-bough sways with the little brown sparrow, of whom Madelon reminds you with her bird-like movements and her small head sideways, as she turns her back upon the windings of the road through the bare sand-hills, and faces the west, where the sky wears pale, tender tints of primrose, sea-green and turquoise-blue.

Of what is the child thinking there? Of the sky?—Seth Badger?—the old home at Dinglefield, which is wont to fill all her dreams? But Dinglefield lies away behind, out of her world now; and it is wonderful how soon we adapt ourselves to our lives. How quickly we learn to queen it in a palace, or tuck up our trains and sit disthroned upon our ash-heap. Some natures have this power of adaptability more strongly developed than others; and our Madelon has it to perfection. It is somewhat sad how quickly she has fallen into the ways of her guardian's household, as if she were born to them. Mr. Boscawen has taken a fancy to the girl; which fancy proves a fetter rather than a silken tie, for he is never content when she is absent, and her periods of freedom are as short as precious. As for Leah, she has not decided whether she is fond of Madelon, who spares her many a step up the long stairs, and never curtails her chat. Leah is in that amiable mood in which, if Madelon stumble once, she will be pleased to trip her as often as possible, and feel a satisfaction in the act, as among the good ones of her life. Just now, and for many months past, Seth Badger has been sufficient for Leah to vent her antipathy upon; not that she does so in his presence, being silver-tongued to her enemies, though a keen ear might detect the spuriousness of the metal. Seth Badger, however, is not quick to note subtleties of tone; and he holds Leah, his great-uncle, and everything about the place except its imputed wealth, in sovereign contempt—in which, no doubt, Madelon comes in for her share.

If the girl divines as much, it certainly does not seem to trouble her now. Is it the mere luxury of sitting quiet, out of the sound of everything harsher than the twitter in the apple-tree, or the partridge's call to her mate, or the distant ring of the farm-laborer's voice as he drives home his oxen from some unseen field, cheering the patient beasts with that familiar monotone, half speech,

half chant, which floats out softly in the sunset air—is it one or all of these which gives the peaceful expression of quiet enjoyment to the little brown face, with its preternaturally bright eyes, that lightly rests on the clasped hands?

She is not fronting the road, so does not see a man who is coming toward her with a light, swinging gait, which she would have known at the first glimpse of him. He is quite near the gate before he chances to catch sight of the small figure perched upon it. Then he draws near cautiously, by an adroit movement seizing Madelon by the arm in such a fashion that she can neither turn nor free herself; and in an unnatural, husky voice he calls out: "Now I have you!"

If he expects a cry of terror, or a struggle, he is disappointed. Madelon only gives a little laugh, and says: "Have you a cold, Austell, that your voice is so frightful?"

"I defy any one to surprise *you*," Austell says, releasing her. "What in the world are you doing sitting up here on the gate?"

"Enjoying myself," is the decidedly curt reply.

"Oh! You manage to do that at a cheap rate. Is this your recreation, you poor child?" he adds, with sympathy.

"It is pleasant enough," avers Madelon. "Have you come to see Mr. Boscawen?"

"Did I not promise to come and see *you*?" is the evasive answer.

"Yes; but that was so very long ago, I thought you had forgotten," she says, slowly.

Austell has ignored the opening of the gate, as a wise man would. He has vaulted over it, and is now standing before Madelon. She is still perched on the topmost rail, which brings her face almost parallel with his own. Hers has lost the dreamy look of a few minutes ago, and is pleased and eager.

"You have not changed," says Austell, after scanning her features.

"That is all you know," nods Madelon. "I have changed, very much."

"If you would get down from the gate, I could see if you have grown."

"You don't expect me to grow in little more than a month, do you?" she asks, blushing hotly for the first time, though Austell's scrutiny may have been trying. "Nevertheless, I have changed."

"I don't see it."

"I don't suppose you can. My improvement—"

"Oh, it is an improvement, is it?" he asks, teasingly.

"Of course it is. What will you say when I tell you that I can make no end of calculations in arithmetic, write a clear business hand, and read through the report of the money-market without a blunder?"

"What will I say? Why, if you are strictly accurate in your list of accomplishments, I'll say you will make a famous wife for some poor devil of a man who is about eighty."

"Must he be fully that age?" Madelon asks, with interest.

"Thereabout. Younger men generally do their own writing and ciphering, or hire a clerk to do

them. And a mere glance at the money-market suffices the most of us." Austell's own experience serves for the whole genus.

"But if he doesn't like such things," begins Madelon.

"He does not care to have them from his wife. He wants something very different from her."

"What sort of things?" she asks; a little too eagerly to escape Austell's notice.

"First, he would have her pretty"—he checks off each count upon his fingers—"and good."

"Of course the good and pretty girls are so numerous," returns Madelon, ironically.

"And sweet-tempered," not heeding the interruption.

Madelon nods.

"Who will see that he is comfortable?"

Madelon sits quiet.

"And can amuse him."

Still she is motionless.

"And does not worry him with household calamities."

She gives no sign of dissent.

"And takes the trouble to please his friends."

"Must she take in his friends, too?"

"Certainly. That is very little to expect."

"And what does she receive in return?"

"Food and raiment."

"Indeed! How munificent!"

"I fancy that is all your reward for your services to old Martin," Austell says.

"Undoubtedly. But then, you see, I never married him."

"But you can perceive that it is much more pleasant to serve a young man than an old one," replies Austell, gravely.

"Indeed, I should much prefer the old one. At least, he is helpless, and selfishness is a necessity with him," says Madelon, promptly.

Perhaps she is not altogether pleased with Austell. She makes a movement to spring down from her high perch; but he detains her.

"One moment. I have some questions to ask you in my turn," he says.

She glances at him as if somewhat distrustful of those questions. But she sits still, the only sign of her impatience being a little swinging movement of her foot.

"Have you seen Seth Badger yet?" asks Austell.

"Yes." The whole expression of her face, as well as her attitude, changes, disgust being plainly visible. "I have seen him. He arrived to-day."

"And you do not like him? But that is a superfluous question."

"Of course I do not like him. Do you suppose any one ever did? Do you know," she says, eagerly, leaning forward so that Austell naturally fears she will fall, and stretches out his arms to catch her. "Do you know, he bullies old Mr. Boscowen, until he is actually afraid of him?"

"I haven't a doubt of it," answers Austell, coolly. "Only I wish you would use a more elegant word than 'bully'."

"And would you believe it," Madelon goes on to say, not heeding in the least the correction of her rhetoric, "that a little while ago, he sent me

out of Mr. Boscowen's room, because he dared not say something before me, which he wished to say? But I don't intend he shall ill-treat the old man, and I shall tell him so."

"For Heaven's sake, don't quarrel with Badger, Madelon! It will be the maddest thing you ever did in your life!" exclaims Austell, hastily.

"Why should it be? Why should I care for him?" asks Madelon, with a contemptuous shrug.

"Because he is the worst-tempered brute I know of, and will stop at nothing if he is roused. So don't make an enemy of him. There is not the slightest reason why you should. Old Martin is able to fight his own battles, and it is not for a girl like you to interfere, especially where Seth Badger is concerned."

Madelon does not answer. She has jumped lightly down from her seat on the gate, and is standing at Austell's side, so that he no longer has her at a disadvantage in position.

"Remember what I say, Madelon," he resumes, with an assumption of authority which he used occasionally when she was a child, and utterly unmanageable. "Don't come in conflict in any way with Badger. He is a rough fellow, and one whom you ought not to know. But as that can't be helped, you must be as distant with him as possible. As I said before, there is no reason in the world why you should come into collision with him."

"The question seems to be whether he will come into collision with me," is the quiet reply.

"Don't be stubborn, Madelon," Austell says, with heat. "There is nothing that sets so ill on a girl, as stubbornness, especially when she is, like you, totally ignorant of the risk she is running. Promise me at once, that you will have nothing to do with Badger, nor say a word to him which you can possibly avoid."

She does not answer, but stands absently pushing away with her foot a twig that has fallen on the mossy flag. Her manner puzzles Austell; he at once suspects Seth Badger of paying some lover-like attentions to her. She is so young and inexperienced; and girls are so easily flattered! A sharp pang of indignation, he calls it—takes possession of him.

"Madelon," he says, shortly, "I am waiting for you to speak to me."

She lifts her head, throwing it back with a gesture which he very well remembers betokens anger.

"What do you expect me to say? That I will have nothing to do with Mr. Badger, that I can possibly avoid? I should think that would hardly require a promise."

"How could I tell, when you stood there so obstinately silent?" Austell answers, in a slightly apologetic tone.

"Nevertheless," she continues, "he shall not—not—" casting about for a word which will not be objectionable to Austell's ear, "he shall not hector Mr. Boscowen, nor will I be afraid of him."

"I hope you may never have occasion to be. But you must let old Martin attend to his own affairs, and get out of your head the absurd idea that he is afraid of Seth Badger."

To this Madelon makes no reply; and Austell, mollified by her apparent submission, changes the subject by asking: "Do you think you could manage to get Cousin Martin to see me without my risking a meeting with Badger?"

Just then Leah comes to the kitchen doorway, and waves to the breeze something much larger than a handkerchief. Madelon is facing that way, and catches sight of the signal, which she is not slow to interpret.

"Mr. Badger has come down-stairs," she says.

CHAPTER IV.

These stake their all on fortune's hidden hand;
Those sweep life's crossings, groping in the sand;
Some clatter through the streets with jingling purse;
Or drive their dead hopes slow in yonder hearse.

WHEN Madelon had shut Mr. Boscowen's door behind her, the two men were silent for a moment. Seth Badger may have been giving her time to go down-stairs; for there came no sound from her light footfall. His next movement may be but precautionary; or he may really doubt the child. "Suspicions among thoughts are like bats among birds;" and the man's nature has in it dark enough recesses to afford congenial haunts. Be that as it may, he goes softly to the door, opens it, and looks out.

He peers down the dusky hall; indeed, he even goes out into it, before he is at last fully satisfied, and returns and locks the door behind him.

"Did you see her, Seth?" jeers old Martin. "Are you sure she wasn't hidden in some rat-hole, and is not now listening at the key-hole? Girls are as sharp as steel-traps; and that mite will get the better of you yet, if you don't take care."

"Confound the girl!" growls Seth. "Why do you keep her here? You might know this is no place for a mere child. She'll die in six months in such a house as this."

"Not she. She'll live to bother some man yet. She is of the stuff to thrive under difficulties. Besides, I need her, now that Leah is old and good for nothing. Eh, but an old woman is useless baggage," he continues, forgetting that he is far more useless than Leah. "Then, too, I could not leave the child any longer on Mary Boscowen's hands; and that young scamp of hers might be making love to her, as he does not seem to have much to do. Austell is a good-looking fellow. But perhaps, Seth, you would like her yourself, you know."

"I am not in search of a wife. I have a different need just now, if I could but induce you to listen to me."

"Yes, yes, you'll leave the trouble of the search to a certain personage who always provides for his own—though Heaven is said to send the good wives. However, Seth, I wish you to remember that I offered Madelon to you, and you didn't want her, you know."

"I'll remember. Now drop the girl, for I have something more important to talk of just now."

"Is it money, Seth, my boy?" with the blandest of smiles.

"Yes, it is money. A thousand pounds. I must have it at once."

"Eh, eh, must is a very short word. A mere monosyllable—"

"But as strong as a vice. See here, Uncle Martin, there is not the smallest use in putting me off and playing upon words. I want the money badly; how badly, I don't intend to tell even you. I must have it at once; and I have failed to raise it—"

"So you have come to the old man in your trouble," Mr. Boscowen interposes, as if Seth's request were of the pleasantest. "I wonder how many uncles you tried in London before you decided to come here? But it was thoughtful in you not to attempt to skin me until the last. Well, what's to be done now you are here?"

"You can either give me the money down, or a check for the amount will do," says Seth, coolly.

"So it would, so it would, if I had it. But I could not lay my hands on such a sum of money in haste, if I died for it. I haven't lined the rafters with gold, nor, like a driveling old woman, put it into a stocking to sit upon."

"Old woman or miser, it is much the same, and I must have the money," returns Badger, in a low, threatening tone.

"Even if you murder me for it?" asks Mr. Boscowen, with a laugh that sounds hollow, and a grayer hue in his face.

"It need not go so far," replies Seth, coolly. "It is not very much trouble for you to hand me the sum; and you see I am rather in haste for it."

"Then it will have to be murder," cries old Martin, in a shrill voice of passion. "For no man shall touch a penny of mine during my lifetime. And it will be well if I don't die without making a will, or saying where a penny is to be found. I have not made my will yet, and I will not if I am threatened. Much as you wish me to do it, I will not. And I'll be even with you yet, Seth Badger—I'll be even with you for all your threats."

"Who is threatening you? Asking a favor is not much like a threat," replies Seth, in a much more mollifying voice and manner, which at once have their effect.

"Eh, true enough, true enough. But an old man gets worried and put out by a little friendly urging, you know. It was not always so with me, and I could say no without being in the least troubled about it. But we grow soft-hearted as well as soft-headed with years, and can't withstand our friends."

"I haven't discovered either sign of age in you as yet," Seth says, with a harsh laugh.

"Maybe not, maybe not. But you are not quick-sighted. I'll tell you what I will do for you, Seth," he continues, in a wheedling voice. "You know you have long wished me to make my will, and I never could bring myself to do it. But I will now, and in your favor, on the condition that you don't ask me for a penny during my life. For I can't part with the money—I can't indeed. And you'll not have long to wait, you know."

"You can't promise me that," answers Seth, brutally. "You may take a new lease of life,

and live until you are a hundred: not an uncommon age in Cornwall, as the story goes."

"But it is not at all likely, although I don't say I would not prefer it. A man who lives as frugally as I, cannot have much strength; besides, I have attacks which may carry me off at any moment. Ask Madelon. She has brought me through several by her prompt remedies, and saved the doctor's fee."

"But what of the will? I suppose you will be as long about making it, as about dying?"

"No, no. That is quite a different matter," replies Mr. Boscawen, reassuringly. "Making one's will does not kill one; and I am ready to make mine at once. There are writing materials in the desk yonder; and do you just sit down and write one to please yourself. Then you can ride over to Cubert, to Jack Trescooe, and make him draw it up so that it will be tight and square. If there is any one who can do it, it is Trescooe; only do you look sharp, and see that he does not manage to put in his own name. When Trescooe has the paper made out, I am ready to sign and have it witnessed. As to the little sum of money you need, you will have no trouble to raise it if you just give a hint that my will is made in your favor. Perhaps Trescooe himself can accommodate you; he'll not require a hint as to my heir, if he draws up the will, you know."

Seth is standing looking at the man who is so eager to make his will in his favor. Seth passes his fingers many times through his red, tangled beard, at a loss to comprehend the situation. Old Martin's glances quail more easily than did Madelon's, for he drops his eyelids, and says querulously: "You may do as you please. I have made you the offer."

"And you shall abide by it," is the rejoinder, as Seth strides across the room to the old scrutoire, in which he very well knows he will find the necessary pens, ink and paper. He brings them all over to the table near his uncle, and sitting down, tries the pens on the blotter, and with as much patience as he can command, waits for his uncle's dictation.

"Boscawen Priory, July 24th, 1833," begins Seth; then pauses.

"Will any of the pens write? The quills are poor things in these days. But you need only take down the headings, and," continues Mr. Boscawen, as he watches Seth's preparations, "Trescooe can make them ship-shape."

He pauses here; but Seth hastens him with a short "Go on."

"Eh, eh, go on! Easily said; but the thing is to commence, you know. I shall not leave many legacies, for they are a deal of trouble to the heir. But there is something—nay, a mere nothing—in the three per-cent., which I wish to leave to Madelon Dubois. She is my ward, you know, and awkward questions might be asked about her property, if I failed to mention her in my will—all which might give you trouble. It is better to be on the safe side. You will not feel the loss of that trifle," he goes on to remark presently, while Seth's pen is hurrying over the bequest dictated; "and, as I said before, it will prevent trouble

about Madelon's making any claim upon the estate. One can never count on women; and there is always an attorney to back them if there is a chance of recovering anything."

Seth nods. He never has believed that his uncle brought the girl home for any benefit to her or to himself; and now he suspects that her guardian, not caring to be held to account for her property, thought it as well to get her away from friends who might induce her to make inquiries. Seth is shrewd, and he thinks, as he sits biting the end of his quill, and waiting for the old man's next dictation, (to which he is not at all sure of acceding as he has to this,) that if he were not writing himself heir, it might be a good game to marry Madelon, and bring in a suit against Martin Boscawen's estate after his death. But as Seth is himself to be the heir, it is wisest to set down what his uncle bids him in the matter, and to ask no questions. For the rest, he hardly glances at the eager-eyed old man opposite, who while watching him is chuckling softly to himself, as if to make his own will were an excellent jest.

"Now we must give Leah something," Mr. Boscawen says, finding that Seth is waiting. "Just to stop people's chatter, you know; for they say I half starve her, and, many think, beat her. A couple of hundreds, now, will be a salve to her wounds, especially if I mention her as my faithful servant. Eh, but the world likes humbug. Yet, if I don't do the handsome thing, you must, you know; and it is easier to part with money you haven't had the handling of. So put the old hag down for two hundred, my boy."

Again there is a silence; and Seth, after some hesitation, writes as he is told; then looks up with a sneer.

"Have you any more legacies? I didn't know you were so soft-hearted."

"Nor am I, nor am I. But, you see," Mr. Boscawen explains, hastily, "one's will always makes a talk, and it is as well, when one dies but once, to do the thing handsomely. I will not hide it from you, Seth, that at my death it will be found the old Priory was not mine to will—that I had only a life-interest in it. The one who comes after me will not get much, for, as you are aware, it would take more money than it is worth, to bring the land up; and as to the house, the rats will dispute possession of it. And you would not care to spend money on the place, being a Badger and no Boscawen. But everything else," he goes on to say, hastily and cheerfully, seeing Seth about to interrupt, "everything else, my boy, shall be yours. And I'm very sure you'll not spare much to the church. Now get Leah to give you a bite of something, and then ride over to Jack Trescooe, and bid him make the will cover everything, for I couldn't begin to tell you where the money is scattered."

"That is a pretty way to do business, not to know about your own money," Seth says, suspiciously, glancing over at the old man, as he stoops once more to write.

"Oh, but I do know," Mr. Boscawen corrects himself. "But it would take too much time just now to go over all, and I might forget something

In the hurry. I've always been fond of stocks, and mines, and that sort of thing," he goes on, in an explanatory way. "It is just the very best kind of gambling, far more exciting than horse-racing or card-playing; and my advice to you is, give up both, and follow my lead. One advantage in it is that it does not break one's health down with late hours and heavy drinking, and one need not keep company with jockeys and legs, which company is not improving to your manners, you see. Even the child Madelon seemed to think you a boor, and was inclined to treat you as such, if I had not interfered."

"The devil take Madelon!" exclaims Seth, roughly. "What do I care what she thinks of me? A fellow to suit her fancy must be, I suppose, like that mealy-mouthed Austell Boscawen. If you wish to marry her and get rid of her, why don't you try him?"

"Well, that is an idea. A very good idea. You have some in that red head of yours, Seth, though they don't always come out. Austell will do very well for Madelon. It is only odd that you should have had the idea first, you know," rubbing his hands together in a pleased fashion.

"Hang the idea, and let us stick to our text. You are making your will, not matrimonial alliances. Where are your papers to be found after your—"

"Death? Don't hesitate to use the word. You will find some in the scrutoire over there. Roscarrock, he has always been my lawyer, but as he is counsellor-general for all the Boscawens, it is as well not to trouble him with this little affair of yours and mine, my boy, which might annoy the rest of the family, might annoy them, you know," he says, chuckling, and rubbing his hands again. "But Roscarrock has the papers for Madelon, and those about the old place here, so you need give yourself no trouble concerning them, and they won't get mixed with the rest, which are safely scattered, and will need a little searching for. Eh, eh, but an old man's head is worthless. A pity his memory is not lodged in some other part of him."

"It is a pity," Seth says, suspiciously.

"But I am not about to die because I have made my will," his uncle hastens to declare. "I'll have time and to spare, to tell you where all the money is. Only do you make sure that the will covers everything—stock, real estate, moneys—everything but the little I have mentioned. Trescoe will draw it up properly. He'll do it, and lend you money in the bargain. Don't distrust Jack, he's honest in his way, in his way, though, maybe, it isn't the straight and narrow way you've heard of."

Seth has finished his writing, and has risen. The old man's talk is mere driveling to him, and he has not the courtesy even to appear to listen. He has all he wishes, for the present at least, on a bit of paper in his breast-pocket; and he has no respect, no feeling for the old man who has given him so much on such very easy terms. A cheap victory is apt to give one a contempt for one's foe.

Mr. Boscawen may be shrewd enough to read Badger's thoughts, for he says: "You are a lucky

dog, Seth. A very lucky dog. It is not every young fellow has been made the heir of an old-miser. Isn't that the word? And you've done little to deserve the favor. You've never been well-mannered, nor even good-tempered, when here. However, you are your father's son, and that's a fine feather in your cap."

This last remark being of a rather doubtful character, owing as much to the tone of voice as to the words, Seth stops in his way to the door, and growls savagely: "What was amiss with my father, I would like to know?"

"Amiss! Who said there was anything amiss? Now aren't you a pretty fellow, to be taking up an old man in that way? One would fancy you had a grudge against your own father, to hear you! And he was a worthy man, a most worthy man, as your grandmother must often have told you."

"Was she so good a judge? She never spoke very well of her brother," sneers Seth.

"She did not, oh! Well, well, we won't condemn her. Women are often crankled, and she was none of the smoothest. And with the set of men the poor creature had around her, it is only a wonder she was anything but angles. Perhaps she will think better of me when she knows you and I are friends, and I have made my will in your favor. Jenny was not easy to please in this life; but it may be she is of a different disposition out of the flesh. Poor Jenny!" he adds, softly.

The ending of the speech Seth does not stay to hear; he has taken up his hat, and leaves the room. While groping his way uncertainly downstairs, he does not swear at the darkness, according to his wont; and his manners are much blander than usual, though with even more assumption of the master, as he gives Leah his order to send the nondescript meal, which is neither dinner nor supper, into the south parlor.

"It be all done to nothing," complains Leah, as she pours the unsavory mess into a dish. "I thought you said as you were starved, and wanted a morsel in a hurry. It's to be hoped the maister were a bit tougher than the chicken," she adds, below her breath.

But Seth pays no heed to her. The overdone chicken is of little moment to him now. He sits down to it mechanically, having forgotten hunger in haste to ride over to Cubert to transact a piece of business with Jack Trescoe.

"Faith and troth, I believe in ten parishes round Suchy rogue, suchy villain, is not to be found."

Leah fully and entirely agrees with the old Cornish poet; but without rhyme, and perhaps without reason; for Leah has her prejudices, and might, if so inclined, speak quite as disparagingly of her master's great-nephew, Seth Badger, as of Jack Trescoe.

The former disposed of, the old woman goes to the kitchen door upon the town-place, a towel waving in her hand by way of signal to recall Madelon to her post in the master's room.

But the sight of a man yonder, talking to the girl, has rooted Leah to the spot. She will watch there all night, if necessary, to satisfy her curiosity; or take speedier measures to that end.

(To be continued.)

THE CONCERT FOR THE POOR.
FROM THE FRENCH.

YOU, my friend, who knew her, are aware that her equal could not be found. She had genius, beauty and youth, with that grace and goodness which make one overlook the superiority. As it delights you to hear her spoken of, and as everything pertaining to her has for you peculiar interest, I will relate the circumstances connected with the first time I had the pleasure of seeing her. Since then a number of years have passed by. I was young at that period, and knew but little of what was passing outside our village. A friend of the family who was fond of me proposed taking me as his companion on a journey into the interior of France, whither he was called by business connected with an inheritance; and as it was thought best for me to obtain some knowledge of the world before I entered upon the duties of active life, consent was given me to accompany him.

I therefore left home on a beautiful morning in April, in a small vehicle—misnamed a post-chaise—drawn by a small mare, called by her master Shepherdess. You can readily comprehend the charms attendant upon new scenes. It was spring-time everywhere in and about me; everything blossomed, expanded and grew beautiful in my heart as on the earth, and my sixteen years mingled their warbling with the singing of the birds in the woods.

We travelled by short journeys, starting out with the rising of the sun, taking our meals by chance, and resting at night. My friend James seldom spoke. Between the rising and setting of the sun he smoked from fifteen to twenty pipes, and slept the remainder of the time.

Shepherdess made from eight to ten leagues a day; all was new and delightful to me.

Toward the close of April, on an evening as warm and golden-hued as in summer, Shepherdess, the carriage, my friend James, his pipe and I entered triumphantly into Carpentras, situated at the foot of Mont Ventoux, encompassed by bulwarked battlements, like a partridge in a crust of pastry baking in a meridian sun. We alighted at the hotel of "The Three Mewing Cats." On the sign a neighboring artist had depicted these felines in a state of exaltation difficult to describe, and they seemed to be executing the most infernal trio that could be imagined.

Scarcely had we descended from our vehicle when we remarked an agitation which did not seem habitual to the place. Animated groups were gathered around the hotel and theatre.

With the breath of spring floating around us, there was an unprecedented air of festivity enveloping the neighborhood. Carriages arrived from all directions and crossed each other at all points. Necessarily there must be something in preparation, something of a joyous and strange nature, of which we were as yet ignorant. As for Shepherdess, friend James and I, we were much too modest and too entirely unknown to attribute this excitement, this gathering of the townspeople, to our entrance into their midst. It was clear that

they were expecting the arrival of a prince, or at least some one of considerable reputation.

We soon learned that there would be given on that same evening, in the theatre, an amateur concert for the benefit of the poor. A concert! At this word I flushed with pleasure; seeing which, my friend James paled with fear. Music was the one point on which we differed. I must explain that a concert was still a rarity in the provinces. At this period the musical education of France had scarcely commenced, and I, for my part, had only heard the concerts of the sweet birds in our arbors. Since then we have made rapid progress in this art. France has become as musical as Germany. There is not now, in our section of country, a village of four thousand souls which has not once a week its amateur concert; and every day, at all hours, two or three hundred hands are occupied thrumming on that instrument without soul and without heart, called a piano. It is a disease, a madness! Musical gatherings are now-a-days as common as they are popular—open to all the world. But, as I said before, at the period I travelled with my friend James, a concert was a rare event. It was known three months in advance; and when the great day arrived, the excitement was similar to that which reigned in Carpentras at the time whereof I write.

At this concert for the poor several celebrities were to appear, among them a flageolet-player of Tarascon, of whom marvels were related. But the chief attraction, the most enticing allurement, the true charm of the evening, was the Countess of R—, who had promised to crown it with her grace, beauty, voice and talent.

To persuade friend James to buy a ticket was not to be thought of; I had even trouble to prevent him from harnessing Shepherdess and starting off at once. At eight o'clock he went to bed, and I, led by the crowd, took my way joyously to the theatre.

The saloon was already filled. The orchestra occupied the stage, which was ornamented with flowers and garlands of foliage. A piano, intended for the use of the Countess of R—, was placed near the balustrade, facing the assemblage. Every one was in his place; only the countess was wanting. Already there were uneasy questionings; people looked here and there; still she did not appear. After an hour of vain delay, as impatient murmurs began to circulate, the orchestra commenced to play.

They first performed the overture of *La Caravane*. I found the execution perfect and the effect magical. Flutes, violins, basses and clarionets rivaled each other in energy and good-will. I will only add that this piece was received with frantic applause. The mothers, sisters, wives and cousins of the performers sobbed enough to melt a stone, and tears ran as from an open spigot. The last measure executed, all eyes sought the countess, but again in vain!

At the close of some ten minutes, a short, thick-set gentleman in black clothes, with a white cravat, advanced to the front of the stage, saluted the audience, drew from his pocket two or three pieces of box-wood, and adjusting them, announced, that

with the aid of this slight instrument he would reproduce the notes of all the feathered tribes. A murmur of flattering approbation ran through the assembly. This gentleman was the flageolet-player of Tarascon. To him succeeded another masculine, long and thin. He announced that with a simple violin he would imitate every instrument. Then followed a third gentlemen, long-haired, bearded, frizzled and pomaded—a beau and a dandy. He placed himself at the piano and sang *Fluve du Tage* in a ravishing manner.

Still the countess did not arrive. It was nearly ten o'clock; but they still waited, when the chief of the orchestra approached the balustrade and communicated to the assembly the arrival of a letter, in which Madame de R— excused herself from appearing at the concert, and begging the commissioners to accept her offering with her regrets. The letter was accompanied by a draft for a thousand pounds.

This disappointment produced a general panic. It was clear, judging from floating exclamations, that the countess was old and ugly, because she refused to appear; and that she had no voice, because she refused to be heard. But above all, the check for the thousand pounds excited the indignation of those honest people. It was outrageous in the countess to take such airs upon her! The poor of Carpentras—had they any need of the château de R—'s munificence? Could not the town assist them sufficiently without such aid? Indeed, they advised that the money should be immediately returned to the proud donor. At the same time, as the greater number had only come hither to hear the countess, from all sides resounded cries for a restitution of their money. So, instead of profiting the poor, the concert bade fair to be of no benefit to them! Indignation and exasperation was at their height. Vainly, in order to appease their anger and overcome the clamorous voices, the orchestra vigorously attacked the overture of *Lodoiska*. Nothing could abate the storm. Children shrieked, women cried and the men threatened to overturn the benches.

It was difficult to determine how this scene of confusion and disorder would end, when suddenly the waves of fury were silenced and all became calm. Noiselessly, in the midst of the general tumult, a young lady, a stranger, made her way on the stage and seated herself before the piano destined for the countess. She had scarcely passed beyond girlhood, but genius already illumined her face. She was unaffected, and serious without embarrassment, yet without boldness; and her mouth wore the ripple of a smile. At her appearance silence reigned.

Who was she? No one could say. All eyes were riveted on her. She unfastened her white cloak and threw it carelessly aside; drew off her gloves, ran over the keys with her small hands, and then, after a prelude, began to sing. Such singing! It was beyond expression, beautiful, enchanting! I listened—lost in the exquisite sounds—almost breathless, motionless, and those around me seemed equally enthralled. The waves of melody that escaped from her lips appeared to uplift and carry me into celestial space. In this smoky

saloon, lighted by dim lamps, and seated on dusty benches, it yet seemed as if I, for the first time, assisted at the splendors of creation. She sang the charms of serene nights; of mutual tenderness experienced beneath the brightness of silver stars; of a bark silently gliding on the surface of a sleeping lake. I listened with my face buried in my hands, and saw, as in a dream, azure mountains over which floated the perfume of roses, and heard the amorous sighs of gentle breezes mingling with the murmur of the tide and the trembling of the leaves.

The first song ended, the assembly remained silent, immovable; no noise, not a movement throughout the saloon; all was silent beneath the touch of the enchantress. Again we listened. The lady played a few chords, and then abandoned herself to the inspirations of memory. How can I make you comprehend the magic of that voice, at once sparkling and gentle, tender and sonorous, grave and profound; breaking into cascades of crystalline notes, floating along in soft harmony, and then bursting into a melody as sublime as the torrent rushing over an abyss? In this measure was depicted the tenderness of love and the energy of fierce passion. She sang the romance of soul that I had heard in my earlier years. This time I comprehended the Desdemona of Shakespeare; melancholy as the night which seemed to lament with her; representing her terrible destiny; predicting it in each of her accents. Then she sang the lays of the Tyrol, bounding and gay as the chamois springing over the snow of Alpine summits.

After holding the audience for two hours in an intoxication of delight beyond description, she rose from her seat, calm and smiling. The saloon resounded with bursts of applause so loud, so continuous, I almost thought the vaulted roof would be rent. Every heart was softened; all eyes were wet with tears. Never since that evening have I experienced such emotions, commencing so grotesquely, and ending in so touching, unforeseen a manner. No one thought of asking the name of the enchantress; enthusiasm had absorbed curiosity. Amidst all this applause, regardless of the eyes resting upon her, she quietly resumed her cloak and drew on her gloves; then, opening a small velvet bag, that had previously been suspended from her arm, she presented it to those around her, saying only, "Gentlemen, it is for the poor of the village."

The applause redoubled, and each one hastened to present his gift. A shower of silver pieces fell into the bag from all directions. I saw an elegantly dressed lady take a rich bracelet from off her wrist, add it to the treasury and kiss the hand that received the offering. A young girl, simply dressed, who doubtless had nothing of silver or gold to give, blushing, dropped into the bag a small bouquet of violets, wet with her tears. What could have equaled this modest tribute? The collection ended, the stranger, after emptying the contents of her bag upon the piano, drew from out the shining heap the faded bouquet, and fastening it in her corsage, handed the young girl the velvet bag in exchange.

I scarcely need add that the concert was not resumed. Leaning on the arm of her female attendant, the beautiful unknown retired from the scene. Already the musicians projected a serenade, and the young folks proposed a patriotic banquet. Unfortunately, however, a carriage drawn by four horses awaited the lady at the door of the theatre, and she entered it just as the manager advanced to offer his compliments.

Was it all a dream? I could not comprehend it. I was intoxicated with delight. Shepherdess was not in a condition to travel immediately, so our stay was prolonged, and during that period nothing was talked of but that wonderful concert and the mysterious stranger.

The following year I went to Paris. I haunted opera and concerts, but still I did not hear the voice I so eagerly sought for. The most talented and most applauded vocalists found me careless and indifferent. The idols of the multitudes produced in me no sensations of delight. At length having seen one evening an announcement of "Othello," I joined the train of those who crowded the entrance of the Italian theatre, and, not without some trouble, at last obtained a stand in the gallery. At eight o'clock the curtain rose amid profound silence, whilst the orchestra discoursed eloquent music. I listened with delight, and, ingrate that I was, I for a time forgot Carpentras, when suddenly a movement was heard throughout the building, and sounds of applause greeted the appearance of Desdemona. I sought the face of the young Venetian, but a living wall hid the scene from my eyes. The audience relapsed into silence, and Desdemona sang. At the first accents of that voice I started to my feet. Could it be true? was I not mistaken? was I not the subject of an illusion? Was it then the voice I had heard in dreams? I strove to break through the barrier that held me so firmly in my place; but it was in vain; I still hesitated, still doubted; but when I listened to the romance of Saul, I was no longer uncertain. It was she! After the fall of the curtain, by a desperate effort, I made my way to the orchestra. Again it rose to the acclamations of the assembly, calling for Desdemona. Amid tumultuous applause and a perfect rain of flowers, Desdemona advanced, simple, unaffected, and I recognized in her the fascinating stranger who sang so lovingly for the benefit of the poor at Carpentras.

"Sir," said I, turning to my neighbor, "what is the name of this accomplished lady?"

The man regarded me curiously, as if I had arrived from the depths of barbarism. His answer was simply, "Maria Malibran."

THE knowledge of sin is the first step toward amendment; for he that does not know he hath offended, is not willing to be reproved. You must therefore find out yourself, before you can amend yourself. Some glory in their vices. And do you imagine they have any thought about reforming who place their very vices in the room of virtues? Therefore reprove thyself; search thyself very narrowly. First turn accuser to thyself, then a judge, and then a suppliant. And dare for once displease thyself.

RUTH FELTON'S FOLLY.

BY JUNE WINTER.

IF houses have, as one sometimes fancies, a character and individuality of their own, what can one say of those long rows of tenements in our cities; nearly alike, all equally bare and ugly? A sense of the pure materiality of life seems stamped upon them; a preparation for physical needs only is in their stiff proportions, their monotony of shuttered windows, their high steps leading to a narrow door, most inhospitable of entrances; their utter lack of garden and greenery. Trees and shrubs might soften their glaring painting into a semblance of taste; clinging vines and flowers bring to them the sweet spirit of home. Instead, there is usually a clothesline in the narrow front yard and a heart-broken plant—a single one—in a hanging-basket.

Such was Linden Row; the pretty name being the only pretty thing about it. A few scraggy, half-grown trees were scattered along its length; before one house a stately elm swept the scanty grass-plat. The shutters of that one, unlike its neighbors, were thrown wide one rainy evening in spring. Into the dull mist of the street it seemed trying to throw the brightness of a happy fireside; but if one had fancied those broad beams a symbol of the warmth and comfort within, he would have been mistaken. Mrs. Lane had simply been too tired to close the shutters, and the curious eye would have seen only a disorderly room, two little girls playing in a corner and a weary woman rocking a child to sleep. She was too tired to sing; too tired to speak pleasantly to the little girls when they left their play and came to her with the question: "Isn't it most time for Aunt Ruth to come, mamma?"

"I'm sure I don't know," she answered, reluctantly, "she may not be coming at all. I don't know why she should want to come here."

The words had hardly passed her lips when the gate clicked, and the next moment a slender girl, wrapped in a waterproof, walked in. Mrs. Lane rose with sisterly warmth.

"Why, Ruth! We had nearly given you up. How wet you are! Did Tom meet you? Why didn't you take a cab?"

"There was none at the depot, and no Tom, either," said Ruth, laughing. "I walked up with Dr. Ray, who happened to be on the train. He is one of Fred's old chums, you know. And this is the baby," bending to kiss her. "She's like you, Meg. And Grace and Lilly have grown out of all remembrance, and you are changed, too. Are you well?"

"As well as usual. I've not been strong since the last baby came. You know I wrote."

The new-comer had seated herself and lifted one of the little girls to her lap. She was small and slender, quite pretty and looked at once bright and earnest;

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food."

In her youth, the married sister must have been a beauty. The relics of lost charms still clung to her, making more pathetic the ravages of time

and illness. Barely thirty, she looked years older.

"Yes, I know. Mamma used to worry over your letters. You were her last thought and care, Meg." She smoothed the little girl's hair with fingers suddenly tremulous. She had been motherless barely a month.

"I wanted so much to see her before—she died," the other answered, "but, as usual, Tom had lost money and baby was sick. We always have the worst luck. I wonder where he is to-night, and why he did not meet you as I told him?"

"Has Dr. Ray been here long?" Ruth questioned, as if dreading the opening of Tom's ill-fortune and many failings.

"Nearly a year. He has a good practice now. They say he works among the poor a great deal, and that hurt him at first. People feared infection, I suppose. And then he is so reserved in his manner."

"Is he?" Ruth said, doubtfully. "We never thought so. You know he nursed Fred after he broke his arm at the medical school; came home with him afterward and was there three weeks. He seemed very pleasant then. Since Fred went West I had heard nothing of him."

"Then you're not—not—you understand me, Ruth?" with a short laugh. "You will do better, I hope, than marry into poverty. Look at me and be warned."

"You used to be very happy, Meg," the other said, gently. "But don't worry over me. I'm fated to live and die a teacher. Do you employ Dr. Ray?"

"Oh, yes. He's here a good deal, too, for some of us are sick most of the time. It's the place, I think. If we could afford to move into the country—but we could as soon think of flying," she added, bitterly. "There's Tom, now."

Her husband came in a moment later; a short, thick-set man with grave eyes and a weary look on his face, as of one who had found the battle of life too hard for him. Tom Lane was "clever," every one said; meaning that he was good-natured and had little business talent. He had failed twice. Now, by book-keeping and copying, he earned a living for his family, and he seemed to have lost the hope of ever being able to do more. His wife chafed over his lack of ambition. Tom knew his own deficiencies and was fond of her. He was proud of her graces and accomplishments; the faded store of piano pieces and water-color paintings; relics of a girlhood of ease and comfort. She was better fitted for riches than poverty, he often said, not suspecting the irony of the words. Her accomplishments did nothing to make the home pleasanter; they were not practical enough for every-day use.

Left alone in her room that night, Ruth Felton kept up a talk with herself as she unpacked her trunk.

"It's as I expected—only worse. Poor Meg! and poor Tom, too! They make each other unhappy, and it's all because they are poor. Money may be bad, but a little here would do so much good. If I could only help them!"

In thought she went back to the bright wedding

ten years before; the lovely bride in her tears and blushes; the manly lover; the merry company of friends with their good wishes; the certainty, as it seemed, that the sunny bridal was the prelude to a happy life together. They had been richer then than now, the Feltons, and Meg had refused a splendid offer for poor Tom, her heart's choice. But love had not thriven in disappointment, and illness, and poverty. Ruth, poor, lonely teacher, with only a widowed mother to make a home for her, her one brother away, had been in the habit of pitying herself and sighing for the home that, somewhere, might be waiting for her. But with this picture of domestic shipwreck before her, she laid her head on her pillow thanking Providence that she was free. She had a presentiment, indeed, that Dr. Ray cared for her. There had been, perhaps, a time when she had fancied she could care in return, if he asked her; but what surely had she that such love could last? It was better as it was.

Dr. Ray walked home that night in a dream of future bliss. He was poor and had no brilliant prospects. There were times when his lot in life seemed to him hard; his long struggle with adverse fate for an education in his chosen profession; his weary waiting for work afterward; his twenty years of homelessness, for he had been orphaned at ten; all these made him bitter against the Providence that clothed others in purple and fine linen and left him but crusts and cold water. But to love all seems bright. Ruth Felton was here; would be near him for two months. It would go hard if in that time he did not find out if she could love him a little. And if she would—all things were possible to him then.

But as the days slipped by the rosy dream faded. Ruth could be seen often enough, for he was a regular visitor at the house; but there had come over her manner that subtle reserve women know so well how to assume. Frank and pleasant, she yet kept him at a certain distance. He felt an invisible barrier between them. He sickened sometimes at the possibility that the woman he loved might be a coquette; encouraging him only because no one else was there to devote himself to her. And sometimes he said that she was only trying to show him her dislike. But, if so, she had changed from the friend of two years before. He had thought then, in that daily home intercourse, that she might learn to love him. He had been impatient for the time when he might offer her a home. Till then, he proudly held his peace.

As for Ruth, the misery before her completely unsettled her. She had hoped to straighten the snarl, but it was beyond her power. She beguiled her sister into walks in the sweet summer weather, and brought back a tinge of color to her faded cheek; she righted the disorderly housekeeping; taught the children to help their mother, and tried to encourage Tom by her cheerful talk. But it was all surface brightness it seemed to her.

Dr. Ray came one lovely day to take her riding, and there was that in his manner, presently, which made Ruth wish herself home again. If he should ask her before she knew her own mind, she felt

as though the slip would be unpardonable. Dr. Ray had never known her so merry. She talked incessantly; she chattered nonsense till he said, gravely smiling: "Do you know that you have changed ever so much in two years? There are times when I hardly know you. You are—or seem—more nervous, high-strung. You will not think me professional? You were always so quiet."

She turned her face away; sudden tears choking her. "Nervous and high-strung," was always Meg's excuse for temper.

"You are not offended?" as she did not answer.
"Not in the least," she forced herself to say.

"By the by, I have something to show you," he said, a moment later. "Your brother has told you of our mutual friend, George Hastings? He is to be married soon, and I want you to see her picture. She's very pretty, but—"

He drew it out carefully and handed it to her.

"Well?" after she had studied it in silence some minutes.

"She is very, very pretty," Ruth said, slowly, "but—"

"But that is all?" he questioned. "That was my impression. I know something of her. She is poor; he has adored her always, and she has despised him till just lately, when a rich man deserted her, and he came, through an uncle, into a little money. I'm afraid she's marrying him for that." He took the photograph again, and looked at it. "There's no character, no spirit in the face, and she looks selfish."

"And he is so good," Ruth said. "Fred has told me of him. It is a pity."

"He is thoroughly good," the doctor answered. "He needs, he deserves, to be loved and helped; not to have a pretty, useless wife to burden him. Marriage is a sham when tenderness and sacrifice are not mutual. And yet," he added, slowly, "I fear they rarely are so. Sacrifice on one side supposes selfishness on the other."

In the silence that fell between them, Ruth fancied her heart-beats could be counted, and no words can picture her relief when she was lifted out at home again—the dreaded question still unasked. Once in her room alone, she sat down and cried.

"I'm getting afraid of him, afraid he will speak before I know. If I dared ask Meg! But, somehow, she does not suspect, and I don't want her to. She would think it perfect folly, and so it is unless—unless I love him."

Fortune favored Dr. Ray. The next morning, little Lilla fell and broke her arm. Fever set in, and for a week, daily visits from him were needed. Ruth was nurse, and over the sick-bed she softened into her old quiet self. Dr. Ray remembered always the pictures of her those days gave him; bending over the little one; rocking her to sleep, singing softly in the twilight, or telling, in that soft, vibrating voice, wonderful stories to make her forget pain. And one night, after he had made his visit, Ruth followed him down-stairs for some farther directions. As she bent over the bannister, three steps above him, the hanging lamp behind her making an aureole round her

golden brown hair; a sweet sister of mercy in her gray dress with heliotrope at her throat, he forgot his caution, and poured forth the story she had been dreading to hear.

"I want to tell you the worst about myself," he finished. "I'm not rich, and I fear I never shall be, and I've a melancholy disposition. But I love you, and I'll do my best to make you happy."

If she had looked up at him, she would have yielded, for the eyes told more than the lips. But hers were fixed on a hole in the carpet, and she faltered a wish to think a little.

"Of course, if you wish," he answered. "I've waited two years to tell you this, Ruth. I've loved you ever since that time I stayed at your home. I can wait for you." And, thereupon, restraining his passion till he seemed cold, he repeated his directions and went.

Ruth stood still, listening to the sound of his steps on the walk, the clamp of the gate. Outside, the rain beat heavily, the wind rose in long sobbing gusts, an elm branch tapped drearily against the pane. It was cold, and night, and storm; and life was like that she thought. A three months' summer of warmth and brightness; the rest of the year darkness and winter. And would love lighten the gloom and last from year to year? And if it failed was there misery like it? Through the door above, she saw the sick-room, the baby asleep, the two children cuddling their dolls. Her heart swelled; sudden tears choked her. She turned and went up to her sister's room. Mrs. Lane had had a headache that night and gone upstairs half an hour earlier. She was sitting now before the glass combing out her thin hair; thinking how luxuriant and lovely it had been once—and her face.

"See, Ruth!" she said, not turning as she came in, only holding up the brown stream sown with silver threads. "And I was so proud of it once! Life is hard and cruel. It takes everything and gives nothing."

Ruth came and knelt beside her. In the dim light the faded woman was almost lovely again, her thin arms veiled by a white dressing-sack, the streaming hair softening the pinched features.

"I want to ask you something, Meg. Don't think I'm unkind—but—I was too young to know, you remember—did you ever—love Tom?"

The brush dropped from her hand. She looked up at her sister as if half-comprehending.

"When you married him—long ago. Tell me, dear. Did you love him so that you didn't care for poverty, so that you thought you could meet any trouble?"

"Did I?" She put her hands to her face with an inarticulate cry. "Oh, how I loved him! The ground he walked on, the least thing he had touched! I wondered at myself then for it—and now—now—"

"And now?" Ruth repeated, trembling.

"Ah, God! If I were free again. If I had only my life to live over! But there's no help for that shipwreck."

"Meg," Ruth folded her arms closer, "don't talk so. I'm sorry—I didn't mean—surely you care for him still—and you have your children."

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Strong sobs shook the bowed figure. "My children—yes—three puny girls to grow up to an inheritance of misery. It's a curse to be born a woman! And my boy, my beautiful first baby! O Ruth, you can't know how beautiful he was and how I loved him! If I could have died with him!"

"Meg, Meg, you must not talk so. You are tired. I was wrong to bother you. And you were happy once."

"I was young, so young and pretty!" she went on, unheeding, "and I didn't know anything. But mamma might have warned me. Her own marriage had been unhappy. But she wanted me provided for, because I was never strong, and she didn't think I ever could be independent. And I was so happy at first—till the baby died and the children came so fast, and my health gave way. And we've had nothing but bad luck for the last seven years. I'm tired of waiting for the turn. If I were free I might make one!"

"It will come soon; it will be better, Meg. You love him—he loves you."

Sobs shook her figure from head to foot. "Love! We are tired of each other; there's no such thing. It's one of the delusions of youth. After it's over, there are the children, the house-keeping, the dreary days." She broke off suddenly. "We're all like Eve. The serpent told her truly what she would gain by touching the forbidden fruit, but he didn't say what she would lose. There's a moral, Ruth," drying her eyes and trying to laugh.

Ruth kissed her silently and went out; but she grew white when, in the hall outside, she saw Tom standing. If he had heard—but he was used to Meg's "tantrums," he knew better than to care—that was the pity of it.

He went out again in a few minutes. Two hours later, when she was rocking baby to sleep once more, in the sitting-room, he came back.

"I'm glad you've come, Tom," she said, not looking up. "I want baby carried up-stairs. See," she added, laying her down on her lap. "Isn't she pretty?"

He looked at her, but hardly as if he saw. She was frightened by the despair of his face. "Has anything happened?"

"I've lost my place again. Turned out to-night. Hard times; must reduce, you know," with dreary calmness.

"I'm so sorry, but—there are other places, are there not?"

"If I had the heart to look for them. See here, Ruth, do you know what I've been working nights for, for the last three months? Trying to get enough to buy her a machine. She has so much sewing, and she complains of it so much. God! am I to blame for not giving her all she wants? I work hard, but I've no luck. I know she's too good for me—she always was, but I've done my level best to make her happy; a man can do no more! I've failed," he went on, after an instant, "and there's but one way out. I heard what she said to-night."

"Tom," she interrupted him, "you must not think—she was tired—I had been fretting her. It

was my fault. Don't think she meant it. You love her?"

"The Lord knows I do," he groaned, "but much good that does her. There's an insurance on my life—that was another of my follies. She called it so. She said—people like me—were long-lived. It's crippled me to meet the payments, and I've only made three. I did it for the best. She wanted me to promise last month to give it up, but I would not. I made the last payment. So that's all straight. I'm glad of it. I never was worth to her what it is. Good God! I've been harassed and driven; I've worked hard for her, but it's been all failure, and no love could stand that, I suppose. I don't blame her for wanting ease and comfort. I dare say I don't understand her—so she says. Well!"

He drew a long breath, straightened himself as if throwing off a weight, then bent again and took up the baby. When he had placed her in bed, he kissed her twice, slowly and solemnly, she fancied. She watched him anxiously, but she could think of nothing to say; she hardly knew what she dreaded; and she could only follow him to the other bed where the two larger ones lay.

"You're not going out again?" touching his sleeve fearfully, as he bent over them. "It's so late and wet."

"I must—on business. I've promised to help a friend—whose wife is ill."

"O Tom, be patient with her!" she cried, half-sobbing. "It will all come right."

"Yes, I mean it shall. I'm sure of it. Don't be frightened, little woman. It's all right."

She heard him go out into the cold and rain. She longed to cry after him, to wake her sister, but she was benumbed by a nameless terror; a presentiment of evil too intangible for words. The clock struck ten while she stood so and its echo in her brain was, "ten years, ten years—and this."

"Dead!"

Some one whispered it as they laid him down; one of the men who had carried him in. Ruth hardly heard. She was blinded by tears, choked by sobs, terrified by presentiment of what the wife, sleeping above, must feel so soon. Some one had covered his face with a handkerchief. She did not dare lift it. She moved away mechanically as the doctor spoke to her. So soon, so suddenly! Meg would go crazy. And then she heard a noise above her. Some one spoke to her to forewarn her sister. She hardly knew who it was nor who led her to the door, and tried by his warm hand-clasp to soothe and strengthen her. Only the last words she heard: "Keep her away till we have examined him. He may not be dead."

"Too late! Roused by the noise, the lights, already the wife's foot was on the stairs. Vainly her sister's arms barred the way. She heard only enough to fear the worst, and, with a cry, she broke from her. They moved away from before her, the men; but at what she saw, at the vision of that mangled form, an hour before her husband,

strong in life and health, her senses gave way. The doctor lifted her and carried her silently to the next room, where Ruth waited, dumbly, in the awful hush, counting the strokes of the village clock—only three this time.

Day was breaking. At the west a ghostly crescent hung trembling in the dark depths; symbol of death and despair; but over the horizon opposite the first flush of life and color was creeping. It brightened, it deepened moment by moment; the gray clouds heaped together, turned to palest pink, to rose, to awful fire; long, trembling lances of color shot up into the blue above, and lay softly on the green earth, silent save for the faint rush of winds, the first bird-songs. And suddenly the sun was up and all sweet matin sounds welcomed back to the dead earth its life and light.

Ruth came out of the house for a breath of the dawn and coolness. It was two days since, and life and death were still at war. She hardly knew how the time had gone. It had seemed infinite to her in its terrible suspense, and yet she had been busied with the children, with her sister whose dumb anguish, whose agony of repentance, was almost more than she could bear. Dr. Ray had helped her she knew. She had been conscious of trust in his strength; in that only had she found rest. It was he who had sent her out now. By the morning express a physician from the city had come, and there was to be a consultation.

She leaned wearily against the pillar of the porch. How peaceful everything was; how cool, and dewy, and fresh! Life was everywhere; glowing in the sunlight; freighting the winds with music; and dreamily, as she looked and listened, she went over again the story of the accident. He had taken the night-watch of a signalman, and, in some way, at the peril of his own life, he had prevented a collision between the night express and a delayed freight train. People called it heroic. To Ruth it was the courage of despair. But, at least, if he died, it would be no ignoble suicide; and if he lived, his future was assured from poverty.

Some one opened softly the door behind her. She turned and faced Dr. Ray; and her imploring eyes asked the question her lips could not frame. Half-involuntarily he took her outstretched hands in his.

"There is hope, Ruth—so we all think. He will recover."

The revulsion was too much. She broke down in sobs of utter exhaustion. "Oh, thank God! thank God! They will love each other again!"

And then she was drawn to the resting-place so long open to her, and his voice said: "Ruth, is it impossible that you should learn to love me? Or was it this—this almost shipwreck, that made you distrust me?"

"Not you, not you," she said, "but myself. I did not know that I could bear poverty, I was afraid—for you."

"And if I will take the risk?"

The lips that did not turn from his, answered him, and they stood silently together; passing in an instant from the unrest and struggle of material

existence into that paradise of the spirit only love can know. Poverty might be for them, but armed in mutual love, no thought of defeat troubled their peace.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

JOHN GARNET sat by the fire, with his eyes bent down upon it, thinking. The curtains were drawn and the lamp was lighted, and he ought to have been snug and happy, but he was not. He had just heard outside the window one passer-by shout out to another, "A Happy New Year!" and he couldn't get rid of the sound. He didn't know what it meant, he thought, angrily—how should he? No one ever said it to him—no one cared whether he was happy or sad.

He shifted his chair uneasily, for it seemed to him that a voice answered him—a voice coming out of the distance—an echo of something heard long ago and half forgotten: "To be wise is to be merry in season, and to be good is to be happy."

"Happy!" said the old man, with his chin in his hands; "I don't know what that means, either, if there is any meaning in it."

Yet time was when you were happy, and merry, too, John Garnet. You were not so rich then as you are now; but what good is your money to you? And John might have answered, "None," but that he stuck doggedly to the maxims with which he had hedged round these later years of his life.

"It is mine," said he; "it is power. I have no friends; they are all false, or dead, or changed; but my money remains, and I take care of it."

Here the sound of children's voices broke on his ear, and he raised his head to listen. They were singing a New Year's carol.

"Stuff!" said John Garnet, impatiently; and he got up from his seat with the idea of sending them away, but then he knew that they were singing at the next house, not at his door. There was no fear of their doing that, he thought; he was too well known. And the smile, which he tried to make grim and mocking, had a strange, bitter sadness about it, in spite of him. It was very odd, but he couldn't help listening to the voices outside—couldn't help pondering to himself over the words that bore the message of good-will and peace. Presently he crossed the room and went out into the hall. Then he opened the street door, and all the while it seemed to him as if some one else were doing these unusual things, and he was only looking on.

His open door let out a yellow gleam on the snowy street, and he saw that the children had finished their carol, and were coming toward him. Again he thought, bitterly, "They won't sing at my door; not one of them will wish me a Happy New Year." And the look which he cast on each childish face had something in it of wistfulness—a sort of half-piteous, half-self-scornful longing that one of them at least would give him this wish. But they only stopped talking, and stared at him.

"Come," said John, with his hand in his pocket, "a penny for the man that can tell me what a Happy New Year means."

One of them grinned, and sung out lustily: "A pocket full of money, and a cellar full of beer."

John looked at them all, and groaned.

"A pocket full of money, eh? So that's a Happy New Year. Then all I can say is that it is a mistake, and wants improving. Here, take your pence; there's one for each."

Perhaps he expected a burst of cheering to follow such unusual liberality, but if so he didn't get it. The children were quite silent, examining the coins suspiciously; and one went so far as to suggest "buttons," but he was hissed down, for the half-pence were real and very bright.

As they trooped off, John Garnet felt that each footmark in the snow oppressed and saddened him. It was a little hard, when he had been ready with his gift, that they had no thanks, no genial response for him, nothing but wonder. When he turned to go indoors, he saw that one of them had stayed behind, and was sitting contentedly on the stone-step, examining his penny in the yellow light. He was a small child, a fair-haired, pale-faced little fellow, with black rings under his eyes, and clothes that, though they were neat, might have been warmer and more abundant.

"Well," said John, stooping toward him, "what do you say for it?"

"I wish you a very Happy New Year."

The lad looked up smilingly as he said it, and something stopped the backward step which John Garnet had been about to take into the house. A sudden pain it was; he had never felt anything like it before. It stung him, half from the wistful eyes of the boy which were so like other eyes coming out of the past to reproach him, and half from the sentence he had heard at last addressed to himself.

"Come in and warm yourself," he said, putting out his hand.

The child looked at the ruddy gleam inside, at the snowy street, then at the penny, and from that to the old man with a sudden mistrust.

"You won't take it from me?" he said.

Young as he was, the boy might have seen some sign of that sharp pain which came again to John's heart; for his small, cold fingers coiled up round the lonely man's hand at once, and in another moment he was seated, a tiny atom, in the big easy-chair of the so-called miser, stretching out those same cold fingers toward the fire, and staring into it with solemn eyes. They did not speak to each other, this oddly-assorted pair; but presently the child, drowsy with the sudden change into the warm firelight, drooped his head and let it fall on the arm of the chair; and then John, shading his eyes with his hands, sat watching him.

"So like!" muttered the old man, softly; "so very, very like!"

All the room behind the boy's chair seemed to grow full of ghostly eyes that looked at John Garnet in mute reproach out of a past, the memory of which he had tried to kill, but could not.

Why was he alone? Whose fault was it that he sat there solitary, with no interest in life, counting the joyless days indeed as they passed behind him, but only to wonder with a dreary wonder how many more he should have to count? And what

were all these shadows in the room with him tonight, haunting the New Year's hearth which no hope or promise brightened?

"Pale ghosts," said John, "all of them."

But he made no effort to banish them. There was that at his heart which made him court the presence of these faces, once so familiar to him, and the voiceless words that seemed to be always on their lips. "We were your friends once, that is true. We have gathered round your hearth at many a Christmas-tide and New Year. Whose fault is it that we do so no longer? You know. You did a cruel deed, and the consciousness of it spread like ice through your veins, and chilled them. You would have done worse than you did; it was not will that failed—only power. Because you thrust away your son with a curse for his manly truth and honor; and because you knew that you were mean and base, and that we should know it, too, you hated us. You shut yourself, in your obstinate pride—the worship of gold, was it?—away henceforth from all who had known and believed you different. You closed your heart to all kindly influences—to all pity and charity and human affection. So shall the Christmas and New Year's hearth be cold and mirthless for you. So shall the holy time that brings to men the shadow of a great peace on earth speak only to you of a gnawing unrest and discontent. So shall you die unpitied and alone."

The hand over the old man's eyes trembled, and his lips moved, but no sound came from them. Was it all a dream, or why did they taunt him thus, these voices out of a world which was so far away, and yet so strangely near to-night?

"He was my own son!" So spoke the stubborn man's heart, pleading against itself. "He had no right to disobey me. I had gathered riches for his sake; but they, too, were mine—not his. I did him no wrong. I bade him choose between me and the girl whom I had been cheated into believing an heiress—and he chose. That was his own doing. When the smash came, and I knew that she would be penniless, I knew also that she would give him back his promise. If he chose to disobey me, he did it with his eyes open, and I was right to cast him off; and—he is dead!"

A strange awe and dismay seized him at the word. It seemed as if all the phantom voices had joined together to whisper it through the room—as if he had hardly realized its meaning until now:

"Dead—in a far-off land, and in poverty! What have you done with the letter that the poor lad wrote to you on his death-bed? Where is the wife whom he committed so piteously to your charge? Was it her fault that he kept his plighted faith when you would have had him break it? When you thought she would be rich you joined their hands; when you knew that she was poor you would have parted them. Because you could not do that, you cast them out upon the world a helpless pair, for both had been reared in luxury. You might have heard from time to time of their struggles, but you would not; you might have known—you did know—of the manful battle your son was fighting with the world, but you shut your ears. Where are the little ones he left be-

hind when that battle was over? You might hear him speaking to you through them if you would; but he is dead, and you cannot bring back the past. That part of your punishment is hard to bear, though your icy front is unmoved before men."

A sound from the easy-chair roused him suddenly. It was only that the little carol-singer coughed in his sleep—a short, painful cough, like one that used to stab him with terror years ago. It made the old man lean forward with a quick, startled eagerness, to look again at the face, which was thinner than ever in its repose.

"So like!" he said again; "so very like!"

He bent down and touched the boy's cheek gently and stroked his hair. By and by he raised him softly and held him in his arms. The muscles about the old man's mouth began to work, and a wonderful softening stole over the rugged features. It seemed as if the very feel of the small burden upon his breast brought back the warmth which had left it long ago, and made almost a child again of him.

"Your name," he said, gently, when the lad woke up in wonder and a little fear. "What do they call you?"

"My name is Anthony," he replied, "but they call me Tony."

"Tony what?—Garnet?" he asked.

"Yes," said the boy. "But you hold me too tight. Let me go; my mother will miss me and be frightened."

The old man's voice was strangely tremulous as he said, rising up from his seat: "Yes, yes, we will go, both of us. And you will show me where your mother lives. Come!"

When they passed out into the lighted street, it seemed to John Garnet as if a weight of dull years had been lifted away from his heart. The very houses wore a new look, and the flickering lamps threw down hopeful gleams across his path. His small guide, stopping at the half-open door of a poor cottage, looked up at him curiously; but John stood back in the shade, that he might see and be himself unseen.

A few moments more, and John Garnet was standing in the ruddy glow of the cottage fire, his head bent down and his lips trembling; for the sight of a fair girlish face which he remembered well, and the cap of widowhood that shaded it, had touched him sorely.

Stretching out one hand to her, he said, with an earnestness that had something piteous in it: "Forgive me, for I have suffered. I cannot bring the dead to life, but I can cherish those whom he held dear, if they will let me. Come home with me, my daughter; come and make it home indeed, for his sake, for I am very lonely."

From her he turned to the boy, who was still beside him, looking on with wondering eyes.

"What was that you said to me just now when you sat on the door-step?" he asked. "You have not forgotten?"

"No," replied the boy.

"Say it again, laddie, will you?" pleaded the old man. "Will you say it again and wish that I may have it?"

The boy looked from one to the other wistfully,

and some dim idea that this stranger meant to be good to them lighted up his face as he repeated: "A Happy New Year."

"A Happy New Year to everybody!"

John Garnet wished it with all his thankful heart as he sat in the host's place at his table, and opposite to him there was a fair face in a widow's cap. It is true that this face bore marks of trouble, but it was brighter than when he had seen it on the cottage hearth, for her load of care for the future was taken away. John Garnet glanced at her as he rose up and stood looking along the well-filled table. There was a wonderful difference in him. Even the carol-singers, if they had seen him, would have hesitated to assert that he was the same John Garnet who had given them a penny each. And they were the faces of old friends that met him when he glanced over his guests. If in the past he had been to blame (and he knew that he had), the chill wall of separation between them was broken down now. They had been very good to him—better than he deserved.

John Garnet thought this, standing before them at the New Year's festival to speak the words of welcome and gladness to them all. Trying to put some of this self-blame and repentance into words, he was conscious that a little buzz of voices rose up round him and smothered his own. Trying after that to speak of the lost son, of his own harshness and neglect, and his punishment, something made him hesitate and falter and break down.

It was only the touch of small fingers curling up round his own; the upward glance of two brown eyes, so like those other eyes which he might meet no more.

John Garnet faltered a moment in his speech, and then lifted the child into a seat by his side, passing one arm round him.

"Through God's mercy," said he, "I see hope and a brighter life before me—brighter in seeking the happiness of others which is the only true way to our own. I was alone and very desolate. I did sorrow for my son, but it was with a barren and selfish grief that refused good-will to those whom he had left sorrowful also. Now his wife is my daughter, the mistress of my house, and his children are mine, too. It is more than I deserve.

"Old friends—true-hearted, as I know you were—I estranged myself from you in my bitterness of heart and the stubborn pride that would not brook reproach. You have forgiven me and gathered round me again. Bear witness for me, all of you, that I humble myself and am thankful. With all my heart I thank you, and bid you welcome to the home that is no longer desolate. And so to you all here, and to all the world, A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

FEAR not that which cannot be avoided. It is extreme folly to make yourself miserable before your time, or to fear that which it may be will never come; or if it does, may possibly be converted into your felicity. For it often falls out, that that which we most feared, when it comes, brings much happiness with it.

A CLOUD IN THE SKY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

IT did not look at first larger than a man's hand, this fairy island, as it lay, white as wool, against the morning sky, gleaming in the pure azure. But, imperceptibly, it had widened its borders, the light fading off as it grew, until a leaden veil was obscuring half the heavens. Here and there the wind had rolled this veil into huge masses, that were moving from horizon to zenith, wild tokens of a coming storm.

All this was in the sky of Olive Percival's life; true, tender, loving Olive Percival—pure, young wife and mother! She had seen the little cloud when it first showed itself in the blue and sunny depths that bent over her; but did not heed it as a sign. What evil could threaten her? What break the sweet serenity of the atmosphere in which she dwelt? What shadow the love that poured its golden sunlight into her heart?

Olive had been married to Edward Percival a little over two years, when, on her pressing invitation, an old school friend to whom she had been warmly attached, came to visit her for a few weeks. Miss Foley was a bright, fair, blue-eyed girl, with a free, witching manner; the very opposite of Mrs. Percival, over whose quiet face you rarely saw a ripple of quick feeling. The former was a sprightly blonde, with high spirits, and the flash and flutter of a gay bird from whose wings the sunshine was forever flashing; the latter a soft brunette, with repressed and gentle bearing, and eyes into whose calm depths you looked as through a window opening into the soul.

How happy Olive had been in these two years of wedded life; and now that a baby had come, bringing its angels into their home, she dwelt in the very atmosphere of Heaven and felt a measure of its blessedness.

"You must do everything in your power to make Irene's visit a pleasant one," Olive had said to her handsome husband on the morning of the day on which Miss Foley was expected.

And he had answered: "Don't expect too much of me, darling. I'll do my best for your friend, and bear the infliction patiently; but more I cannot promise."

Olive had kissed and chided him, and called him selfish and bearish, in her mock serious way, all the while that her heart was so full of love that she could scarcely hold herself back from throwing her arms about him and hugging him until she had almost stopped his breath.

When Edward Percival came home in the evening, half-dreading to meet Miss Foley, whom he had brought himself to dislike in anticipation, he was a little taken by surprise on being presented to one of the brightest and prettiest young girls he had met for a long time, and one who seemed to know him as well, and to be as much at ease with him as if they were old acquaintances.

"I knew you would like her," said Olive, in a pleased voice, when they were alone. "Isn't she lovely?"

"Charming! I did not expect to find so bright a girl."

"Don't you think her beautiful?"

"Yes; beautiful almost as a dream!"

There was a touch of enthusiasm in Percival's voice.

"One of the loveliest creatures I ever saw!" he added. "So easy and natural in her manners—so frank and so free. It seems already as if I had known her for years."

Scarcely as large as a man's hand was the little white flake which became visible that moment in the sky of Olive's life. She did not so much see as feel its presence. She made no response to her husband's admiring sentences; the words that were forming themselves died on her lips. Percival went on talking about Miss Foley until Olive grew silent; a silence which, in his thought of their fair visitor, he failed to notice.

In the morning, when they met at the breakfast-table, Miss Foley was radiant. Her clear, blue eyes looked as if they had been bathed in light, and her fair, young face had gathered new charms in the restoring land of sleep. She knew the arts of dress which heighten beauty, and had not failed to use them. Miss Foley was all life and spirits, and made herself as much at home with Olive's husband as if they had been old friends; and he was quite as much at home with her. Somehow, before the meal was half over, Mrs. Percival had drifted out of the conversation and sat silent, while Irene and her husband had the pleasant talk all to themselves. The cloud, so very small that her eyes were not yet turned upon it, was finding a steady increase.

The two friends had a pleasant day together; full of sweet memories and love's refreshment. The dear old times came back, and they lived their happy school-days over again. In the evening, Mr. Percival came home half an hour earlier than usual, a circumstance noted by his wife, yet not as having any significance. She did not, in thought, connect the incident with the presence of her friend; but, somehow, its occurrence failed to give her any special satisfaction. At tea-time, Mr. Percival exhibited unusual spirits. Miss Foley was gay and talkative, holding him in conversation all the while, and not seeking to draw Mrs. Percival into the sphere of their pleasant chit-chat. The wife sat silent, listening, observing, and half-wondering why she felt so dull, and what it was that had dimmed, for the hour, the sunshine of her happy life.

Baby was restless and inclined to be fretful during that evening, and Olive sat alone with the little one in her chamber, while Irene enjoyed the society of her husband. Up from the parlor came the sound of their voices; now rippling with laughter; now in earnest talk; and now in low murmurs. Then there arose, rich and clear, and full of a strange sweetness that made the heart of Olive tremble, Irene's voice singing an old love song. As if the tiny cloud had suddenly found increase, throwing itself far into the horizon of her life, a shadow, dark and cold, fell down upon her heart. Baby grew quiet at last and sank away into sleep; but Olive did not leave her chamber to join her husband and Irene.

It was after ten o'clock when Mr. Percival came

up from the parlor. He had passed a very pleasant evening, and was in the best of spirits; but these were dashed considerably when he saw his young wife sitting by the bed on which their sleeping baby lay, with her face buried in a pillow.

"Why, Olive dear!" he cried, "are you sick? Why didn't you come down?"

Mrs. Percival raised herself slowly, and turned her eyes upon her husband. If he had looked closely into them, he would have seen that they had not long since been flooded with tears.

"Baby has been very fretful," she only replied.

"I'm sorry," he said, stooping over and kissing her. "Why didn't you call me?"

"You were enjoying yourself, and I didn't care to disturb you."

There was something new in Olive's voice—something that Mr. Percival did not understand—something that seemed to put a little distance between them. But he never thought of Irene in connection with the change.

He was enjoying himself, and she didn't care to disturb him. Dull soul, that he did not perceive the inner meaning of this sentence.

Mrs. Percival complained of headache on the next morning. She certainly did not look well. Miss Foley was very sympathetic, and very much at her ease, and very chatty with Mr. Percival, who, before breakfast was half over, had appeared to forget the slight indisposition of his wife in the pleasant talk of her friend.

The second day was not as delightful as the first. The friends, when alone, drew close together again; but not with that loving freedom and sweet abandon of girlhood which had come back to them on their first meeting. Their intercourse was graver and more thoughtful. Each scanned the other more carefully, and noted changes in disposition and sentiments. Irene, in Olive's eyes, had lost much of the artlessness and innocence which had made her so lovely; and to Irene, Olive had grown narrow, and too much absorbed in the cares of motherhood and the petty things of domestic life. One made little playful criticisms upon the other; and in their frankness and friendly plain-speaking each revealed to each the new aspects of character which their mutual observation had discovered. This did not draw them any nearer to each other; but, on the contrary, raised a wall between them which could never be broken down nor passed over; at least, not from Olive's side.

When Mr. Percival came home in the evening, he had tickets for the opera. Olive tried to push out the thought which some watchful spirit on the alert for mischief threw instantly into her mind; but was not entirely successful. Her husband had not taken her to the opera for months before.

"Miss Foley will enjoy *Fidelis*. She is so fond of music." He failed to add, "And you will enjoy it quite as much, Olive dear," though his wife waited, half holding her breath, for a word that expressed an interest in herself.

Olive did not care to go to the opera that evening; but she compelled herself to appear interested. Percival was too much occupied with the thoughts

of giving Miss Foley pleasure to notice the reserve and silence of his wife, who sat through the whole evening without speaking a word, except in reply to some remark addressed to her by her husband or Irene. The two latter were full of interest in the music and performance and in each other.

And now, the cloud so small at first was darkening all the sky. The heart of Mrs. Percival had taken the alarm. An enemy had crossed her threshold. A serpent had made its way into her garden of delight. Naturally reserved, and with great powers of self-repression, her first effort was toward concealment for the sake of careful observation. She left her husband and Irene often alone together in the evening, under pretence that her baby was restless, or that some domestic matters required her attention. Sitting, solitary, in her chamber, she would listen to the sound of their voices below, or to the exquisite singing of Irene, until her brain grew wild, and her heart ached with its jealous fears.

Too proud in her womanhood to give her husband a word or a look that clearly betrayed her suspicions, Olive, strong of will as your quiet people often are, and equal to almost any trial of her self-control, now began the work of simulation. If at any time she found the effort too great, she feigned sickness to cover her failing strength. So she held herself from breaking down and revealing what was in her heart.

The days went on. Two, three, four, five weeks glided by, and the time drew near when, according to the period set in the beginning, the visit of Miss Foley was to end. But, as this time approached, and she began to talk of leaving, Mr. Percival urged her to remain longer. Fearing lest she might betray the jealousy that was in her heart if she did not join in this invitation to her friend to extend her visit, Olive added her persuasions to those of her husband, and Irene, who was enjoying herself, consented to a farther stay.

From that time, in the eyes of Olive, a closer intimacy grew between Irene and her husband. They were so much interested in each other that they often appeared to forget her presence altogether. Watching them closely, she not unfrequently detected what seemed to her glances of covert meaning, and tones and words in which more was conveyed than was designed for her ears. So the cloud grew and darkened, until all the heavens were black, and the wild winds began to sweep across the sky.

"What has come over you, Olive dear?" asked Mr. Percival one evening, in a voice that expressed more reproof than tenderness. He had left Miss Foley in the parlor, where he had been with her for nearly an hour after supper, and sought his wife in her chamber.

She was sitting by a table on which she had placed her work-basket; and there was a garment of some kind in her hands. But she had not been sewing; only thinking. Mrs. Percival made a pretence of bending over her work as her husband entered. To his question she made no reply. He failed to read in her large, dark eyes, that were lifted to his face, the clear meanings he had been

used to finding there. They were not cold, nor hard, nor sorrowful, nor accusing—only shrouded in a mystery that he could not penetrate. Had love gone out of them? No. How calm and beautiful they were!

"Why don't you come into the parlor, Olive? Miss Foley will think strangely of you."

Olive put aside her work, and rising, laid her hand on her husband's arm and went down to join Miss Foley, who looked at her half-curiously as she entered the room. Olive did not fail to read the expression in her friend's eyes; nor to observe the glance that went from her face to that of her husband; nor, most of all, the entire change in their attitude toward her. Instead of being interested only in themselves, both seemed intent on entertaining her, and this with so marked an effort that it was plain to see that an understanding existed between them. She was passive, affecting to be pleased, and even light-hearted. But the mystery did not go out of her eyes. Through them she looked as from behind a transparent curtain, herself concealed. Not a glance, or word, or tone, or gesture, escaped her observation, and she saw a meaning in them all.

Awhile longer, and then the storm broke, and with such a sudden force that utter ruin seemed to lie in its path. To Percival, so little had he observed the gathering portents, it was as if a wild tempest had fallen from a summer sky.

"Castleberry offered to let me have his team," he said to Olive, one morning, as he was going away, "and I think I'll give Miss Foley a drive out this afternoon. She talks of going home next week. I'm sorry he hasn't a two-seat carriage, so that you could go along." He was in a hurry to get off to his business, and did not wait for a reply, even if his wife had been inclined to make one; which she was not.

"You are going to drive out with Edward this afternoon," said Olive to her friend, in a voice so easy and natural that it did not betray a shade of simulation.

"Yes," was answered. "He invited me last evening. I am sorry you are not going along."

So it had all been understood on the night before, and Edward had not said a word about it until just as he was going away on that morning. A fire burned up suddenly in the heart of Mrs. Percival; a baleful fire, that sent its lurid gleams into the darkness of a cavern all the hidden depths of which they could not penetrate; and from it there ascended a dense smoke which obscured reason, discretion, love—everything but her jealous passion.

As Olive turned herself partly away from her friend, the latter saw in her eyes an expression that startled her; and for the first time it came into her mind that a feeling of jealousy might have found its way into the young wife's heart. As she dwelt on this thought, she began to feel troubled. She loved Olive, and there was no disguising from herself the fact that she admired her husband, and liked his company. But as to coming between him and his wife, the bare idea gave her a shiver. Thinking now in this new direction, Irene began to fear that she had been too free

and familiar with Mr. Percival; and as she recalled one incident after another, in which Olive had seemed to act a little strangely, her concern increased, and she felt that something for which she was responsible, might have gone wrong in the mind of her friend.

Olive was more occupied and alone than usual during the morning, and once when Miss Foley went to her room she found the door locked. There was some delay, and the sound of a hurried movement in the chamber before the door was opened. A kind of glitter in the eyes, usually so calm on the surface, struck Irene as new and strange. It passed in a moment, and then the old still look came back.

An hour later, and Mr. Percival would be there to drive her out.

"You are not well to-day," said Irene. "You have been in the house too much for the past week. I wish you would take my place and ride with your husband. The fresh air will do you so much good; and I don't care in the least about going."

"No, dear. I can go at any time; and Edward—" Olive checked herself, turning her face a little away as she did so; but adding quickly, yet with visible constraint of manner: "Baby isn't very well, and I couldn't think of leaving her. No, no, dear! You and Edward will enjoy the drive."

Olive was betraying more than she knew. Irene remained for a little while, and then went to her own room, feeling still more troubled. She did not see Olive again until Mr. Percival came in with his fresh, cheery manner, looking handsomer than usual.

"Ready, Miss Foley?" he cried up from the hall as he entered.

"In a minute," she called down to him, and then looked into Olive's chamber. The young wife was standing by an open drawer, which she shut, as Irene thought, with a hurried motion, and then turned her large, dark eyes upon her with a glance that seemed to go through her.

In that moment, Irene knew all. The demon of jealousy was in the heart of her friend, and she saw its wild face mirrored in her eyes. Her resolve was taken instantly. Untying the strings of her bonnet, she lifted it from her head, and drew from her shoulders the light shawl she had thrown around them.

"You must ride with your husband, Olive; I am not going," she said, quietly but firmly.

"Irene Foley! What do you mean?"

Olive caught the arm of her friend with a strong grip, her large eyes thrown wildly open; while every muscle of her beautiful face quivered with the intense feeling that was now mastering her.

"Only, Olive, dear, that I have changed my mind, and shall not ride out to-day." Irene's voice remained quiet and firm.

"Ready, Miss Foley!" was again called from below; and then, after a brief pause, was heard the springing tread of Mr. Percival's feet as he came bounding up the stairs.

On entering his wife's chamber, Mr. Percival saw a sight that sent the blood back upon his

heart. It was the face of his wife, full of dark passion, the eyes glaring upon Miss Foley, and the mouth set hard and fierce.

"No, dear Olive!" Irene was saying softly and tenderly. "I shall not ride out with your husband. Won't you go? I shall be so glad if you will."

It all flashed upon him. In a moment he had Olive in his arms, holding her, though she struggled against him, tightly to his bosom, covering her face with kisses, and pouring into her ears the warmest expressions of love.

But her ears soon lost their sense of hearing, and her lips and cheeks the impression of his ardent kisses. Only for a moment or two did she struggle against him; then she lay white and still in his clasping arms.

For nearly twelve hours, Olive remained in a state of real or feigned oblivion as to all that was passing around her—real it was for a greater portion of the time at least; and during that time her husband found, to his anguish and dismay, the unmistakable signs of a purpose on the part of his wife to leave her home ere he returned from the afternoon drive with Miss Foley.

How greatly he was shocked and distressed it would be hard to tell; for, while pleased with Miss Foley, who had ministered to the social side of his nature, there had never gone out toward her a thought or a feeling that he would have hidden from his wife.

When Mrs. Percival awoke from the long paralysis of feeling which had fallen upon her, she was as one coming out of sleep; yet weak as from a serious illness.

If Miss Foley had acted from the first impulse that moved her, she would have gone away immediately on discovering the jealousy her presence had aroused; but a little reflection made it clear that it would be better for her to remain and do all that lay in her power to remove from Olive's mind the false impressions it had received. She was alone with Mrs. Percival, sitting with downcast gaze and a heart heavy with trouble, when a movement from the bed caused her to turn quickly. As she did so, she met the large, dark eyes of her friend fixed steadily upon her. There was no glitter in them now; no wild passion; no strange and hidden meaning—but something tender and wistful. She made an effort to rise, but fell back weakly. As she did so, Irene bent down and kissed her, laying at the same time a hand softly on her head and smoothing back her hair with gentle touches. Olive shut her eyes and remained very still for the space of over a minute. Irene had taken one of her hands and was holding it tightly.

Again the eyes came open, and there followed a long look into Irene's face—a look that grew each moment more intent and searching.

"Has anything happened? Where is baby?" She turned her eyes quickly about the chamber, partly raising herself from the bed.

"Nothing has happened, and baby is well," Irene replied.

Olive sunk back again weakly. Deep lines began to gather themselves on her forehead, and

her eyes to become more intense in their expression. She looked long and steadily at Irene. Memory was growing clear. And now the moment for which Miss Foley had been waiting with anxious solicitude had arrived, and the future happiness or misery of her friend hung in the even balance. Over and over again had she repeated to herself what she would say when this time should come. The words, the tones, the manner of speech, all had been settled. But nothing of her well-conceived lesson was remembered now; and for a few moments she was dumb. Then her warm, loving heart came to the rescue. She thought no longer; only felt and acted. Putting both arms under the neck of her friend, she drew her head up against her bosom, and held it there tightly for a little while.

"God bless you, Olive dear!" she said, fervently, as she relaxed the pressure of her arms, and laid her ardent kisses on her lips. "God bless you and keep you!"

More was pressing for utterance, but feeling was too strong. Her voice broke, and tears came raining from her eyes.

The door of the chamber opened, and Mr. Percival, who had been too anxious about his wife to remain long away at his office, came in and found Olive and Irene held closely in each other's arms.

He stood for a little while, not speaking. On becoming aware of his presence, Miss Foley disengaged her arms, and, rising, left the room.

"You have had a dreadful nightmare, darling!" Mr. Percival said, as he bent lovingly over his wife. "But, thank God! the darkness is gone, and you are awake again."

He let her look steadily into his eyes. In them she saw truth, and love, and loyalty. The signs were so clear that her heart could not be mistaken.

So the cloud was rent, the sunshine falling through, and the black masses which had darkened all the sky swept off from the clear horizon.

Next day the pleasant friend went home. The parting was in tears; yet with the feeling on both sides that a link in the chain which had once drawn them so closely together was broken, and could never be repaired.

TRAMPS.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

LIVING in the country somewhat out of the regular orbit of tramps—so much so that when one strays into my neighborhood, he is like a comet with an eccentric orbit—I have not had the same experiences as other more unfortunate individuals. Nevertheless, I must confess that I have a tender feeling toward the genus tramp. I am afraid the feeling is more abstract than otherwise, since, when, by rare chance, one comes to my door, my first experience is one of utter repugnance and horror. I have no fear of them as many have. No visions of a burglarized house and murdered inmates rises before my mind. I do not look upon them as ferocious beasts to be fled from; but rather as contemptible, disgusting ones, to be avoided. It seems like

contamination to have them enter my doors. They represent a social ulcer which I would fain put out of my sight and memory. This is my first feeling; but I am glad to be able to record that a better, more humane one, quickly succeeds; and though perhaps I am not quite able to shake off the repugnance, at least I make as little manifestation of it as possible.

So, when, during the coldest, severest rain-storm we had the past season, a tramp knocked at our door, and reluctantly entered at our bidding—his rags and tatters soaked and dripping with wet—I crowded back the abhorrence rising within me, made him sit down before the fire to warm himself, and gave him to eat of the best I had to offer—which, to be sure, was not much. I urged him, I am ashamed to say, rather faintly, to stay until the storm abated; but when he insisted on going, I let him go. I feel that that will be laid up against me, since my repentance and regret came too late to avail anything. I knew I ought to have retained him, taken off his wet clothes and provided for him until the weather should have been favorable for a resumption of his journey. He had been, he said, looking for work “below,” and failing to find any, was tramping back to the city again: going back to the vast agglomerate of misery which the city represents, there to suffer, and possibly starve, with thousands of others. Truly misery loves company.

So he went out into the cold, pelting rain, his little dog following at his heels—his dog more fortunate than himself, since it could gather, as its master could not, its living from the kitchen muddens—to use a scientific term—of the various houses they passed.

Perhaps he had not been looking for work. Perhaps he was lazy, shiftless, vicious, good-for-nothing and a liar. What of that? He was a human being out in the wretchedness of a bitterly cold, wet day, thinly clad in drenched rags, and with no home to go to. Was there not enough to pity? Enough to call forth one's charity? Must we sit in judgment on every one to whom we would do a kindness? That seems to me to be usurping God's prerogative; and we are often more merciless than He, since He sends His sunshine and His rain upon the just and the unjust alike.

I would not be understood that we should not exercise due discretion in our charity. The person who gives to a beggar in the streets of a city, is often directly fostering beggary and vice. The person who gives money to a tramp is often doing anything but a kind action, since that money may—probably very often is—used for bad purposes. But he who gives food to a hungry man, who clothes the naked and finds a resting-place for the weary, is only doing that which is enjoined by true charity—more than that, by true Christianity. It is often easier to give money, and thus dismiss the applicant from our care and thought. To feed and clothe him is troublesome, and occupies time. But that does not alter the right and wrong of the matter.

There is a great deal of talk about compelling tramps to work. A great deal of sensible talk,

and a great deal quite the reverse. Who among you having been breakfastless till nine or ten o'clock, or perhaps till dinner-time, would care to be compelled to earn your breakfast at some hard manual employment, before you were permitted to eat it? Then give your tramp his breakfast first, only stipulating that he shall pay for it *after* eating. If he declines to do this, you are perhaps justified in declining to feed him. If he promises faithfully, and then fails to fulfil his promise, console yourself with the thought that you are morally richer in having performed a charity, when you had only intended to drive a bargain.

Do not grumble if your tramp eats what you consider too much. A half-starved beggar may very possibly display a more ravenous appetite than a delicate, home-keeping lady, or a well-fed man. And as you yourself feel your coffee or tea to be a necessity of your existence, do not become too indignant if he should sometimes hint that one or the other would be acceptable to him. Such demands from tramps are sometimes aggravating—sometimes seem to reach the acme of impertinence. But try to judge of the matter subjectively rather than objectively. Think of yourself in his place, with his ignorance and want of culture, and not regard him as a creature out of the pale of legitimate charity, almost out of the pale of humanity.

There is a broader view than this to be taken of the matter. Society is responsible for tramps, and we, as integral parts of society, are each personally responsible. It is a responsibility which we cannot shirk. Many of the men who wander aimless and homeless over our land, were soldiers during the late war. We accepted their services gladly—nay, in many cases, we forced them to give up the occupations of their lives, and go and fight for us. In the discipline of the army they learned habits fitting them, of course, for army life, but utterly unfitting them for citizens in times of peace. They were taught to smother every independent wish and desire, all exercise of individual reason, and to move like machines at the command of a superior. Having drilled them in this way, we cannot expect to transform them back again into energetic, independent thinking and acting men. During the long periods of inaction they gathered idly about camp-fires, with nothing to do but to kill time in the easiest manner, they fell into bad habits of every kind, because there were no moral restraints whatever placed around them. Then how can we expect them to become industrious and moral? They wandered from place to place, until the habit became fixed, and the “Tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,” is something which will be applicable to them until the last one shall have been laid in his grave. They were compelled to deeds of cruelty in battle, can we wonder that they have learned to estimate human life very lightly, and to take it on small provocation? We accepted their literal sacrifice of themselves and their lives; since, whether they lived or died, they might never be the same men they would otherwise have been; and now we must not refuse to pay the price. We have created the tramps, and we

must be responsible for them. They may be idle and dissolute, but our debt of gratitude to them is not lessened in any degree. If we owe a man money, the fact that the man is bad, does not release us from the obligation. If we owe a man more than money, the obligation still holds just as strong. If our country was not worth this price, we ought to have thought of that beforehand, and left these men undisturbed on their farms and in their work-shops.

Then there is still another point to be considered. We are at the beginning of what promises to be an unusually severe winter. Thousands of men are out of employment—men with families and men without. To those with families the outlook must be appalling. What they may do in their desperation can only be conjectured. With those men who have only themselves to provide for, it means a great increase of crime, especially of petty offences, since such will open the gates of prisons, where they may find food and shelter for the winter. It means also a great accession to the army of tramps. Thousands of men who would work if they could, and who cannot make up their minds to steal, will be compelled to beg from door to door in the city, from town to town through the country. Does society owe nothing to these? They would be honest, industrious men if they could; but circumstances are against them. Those who can neither beg nor steal, have nothing but starvation before them.

It was times like these which brought on the terrors of the French Revolution. It is to be hoped that the suffering classes here will not be seized with the frenzy which possessed the French populace. But starving men and women, driven to desperation at the sight of famine-stricken children crying for bread, in the midst of surrounding plenty, are sometimes impelled to acts of violence for which we, who are better fed and warmly clad, cannot perceive any adequate excuse. Besides, there is enough of the foreign revolutionizing element among us only too glad to incite to disturbance and panic. Before we give judgment, let us strive to imagine what we ourselves would do in like circumstances. Would we beg, steal, starve or turn highway robbers?

As this state of things is the outcome of our present social and political institutions—a temporary evil, it is to be hoped—it is just as certain that we should seek for the remedy in both social and political ways. If we do not while there is yet time, even though we escape a reign of terror, we shall have evils fastened upon us no less to be dreaded. There will be organized a recognized and permanent class of beggars, like those in the Old World. Our country will become infested with highway robbers—a species of banditti like those of Italy and Greece—which no law will be able to suppress. There will also be a large increase in the population of our alms-houses and prisons, which shall render their maintenance burdensome upon community. Worst of all, a class distinction, like that in England, in which the rich shall be very rich, and enjoy every opportunity for mental and moral cultivation, and delight in every physical luxury; and the poor very poor, laboring for the benefit of the rich, with scarcely enough to keep soul and body together, and with neither time nor encouragement to make themselves wiser and better. It has heretofore been our boast that in this country "one man is just as good as another;" and when this can no longer be said with a foundation of truth, then the death-blow has been struck at our republican institutions, and we shall be aristocratic and monarchical in all but in name.

There should be both political and social action in behalf of the class so well known as tramps, and for all others also who may be compelled to join their ranks, or do some other thing equally to be deplored. Charity should be avoided as long as possible, as mere alms-giving is often the worst of evils. But all who can should try to provide remunerative labor for those who need it. The administration of the government should be conducted with special reference to the real good of the workingman. Meantime individuals should do all in their power to ameliorate suffering, discriminating, of course, between the worthy and the unworthy, but not to the extent of refusing a man food and shelter, because he does not come quite up to our ideal of a perfect humanity.

Mother's Department.

NEEDLESS DENIALS.

H. H., in her "Bits of Talk About Home Matters," has a chapter on the needless denials of parents. She says:

With some parents, although they are neither harsh nor hard in manner, nor yet unloving in nature, the habitual first impulse seems to be to refuse; they appear to have a singular obtuseness to the fact that it is, or can be, of any consequence to a child whether it does or does not do the thing it desires. Often the refusal is withdrawn on the first symptom of grief or disappointment on the child's part; a thing which is fatal to all real control of a child, and almost as unkind as the first

unnecessary denial—perhaps even more so, as it involves double and treble pains, in future instances, where there cannot and must not be any giving way to entreaties. It is doubtless this lack of perception—akin, one would think, to color-blindness—which is at the bottom of this great and common inhumanity among kind and intelligent fathers and mothers; an inhumanity so common that it may almost be said to be universal; so common that, while we are obliged to look on and see our dearest friends guilty of it, we find it next to impossible to make them understand what we mean when we make outcry over some of its glaring instances.

You, my dearest of friends—or, rather, you who would be, but for this one point of hopeless contention between us—do you remember a certain warm morning, last August, of which I told you then you had not heard the last? Here it is again; perhaps in print I can make it look blacker to you than I could then; part of it I saw, part of it you unwillingly confessed to me, and part of it little Blue Eyes told me herself.

It was one of those ineffable mornings, when a thrill of delight and expectancy fills the air; one felt that every appointment of the day must be unlike those of other days—must be festive, must help on the “white day” for which all things looked ready. I remember how like the morning itself you looked as you stood in the doorway, in a fresh white muslin dress, with lavender ribbons. I said: “Oh, extravagance! For breakfast!”

“I know,” you said; “but the day was so enchanting, I could not make up my mind to wear anything that had been worn before.”

Here an uproar from the nursery broke out, and we both ran to the spot. There stood little Blue Eyes, in a storm of temper, with one small foot on a crumpled mass of pink cambric on the floor; and nurse, who was also very red and angry, explained that Miss would not have on her pink frock because it was not quite clean.

“It is all dirty, mamma, and I don’t want to put it on! You’ve got on a nice white dress; why can’t I?”

You are in the main a kind mother, and you do not like to give little Blue Eyes pain; so you knelt down beside her, and told her that she must be a good girl, and have on the gown Mary had said, but that she should have on a pretty white apron, which would hide the spots. And Blue Eyes, being only six years old, and of a loving, generous nature, dried her tears, accepted the very questionable expedient, tried to forget the spots, and in a few moments came out on the piazza, chirping like a little bird. By this time the rare quality of the morning had stolen like wine into our brains, and you exclaimed: “We will have breakfast out here, under the vines! How George will like it!” And in another instant you were flitting back and forth, helping the rather ungracious Bridget move out the breakfast-table, with its tempting array.

“O mamma, mamma,” cried Blue Eyes, “can’t I have my little tea-set on a little table beside your big table? Oh, let me, let me!” and she fairly quivered with excitement.

You hesitated. How I watched you! But it was a little late. Bridget was already rather cross; the tea-set was packed in a box, and up on a high shelf.

“No, dear. There is not time, and we must not make Bridget any more trouble; but”—seeing the tears coming again—“you shall have some real tea in papa’s big gilt cup, and another time you shall have your tea-set when we have breakfast out here again.”

As I said before, you are a kind mother, and you made the denial as easy to be borne as you could, and Blue Eyes was again pacified, not satisfied, only bravely making the best of it. And

so we had our breakfast; a breakfast to be remembered, too. But as for the “other time” which you had promised to Blue Eyes; how well I knew that not many times a year did such mornings and breakfasts come, and that it was well she would forget all about it.

After breakfast—you remember how we lingered—George suddenly started up, saying: “How hard it is to go to town! I say, girls, walk down to the station with me, both of you.”

“And me, too, me, too, papa!” said Blue Eyes.

You did not hear her; but I did, and she had flown for her hat. At the door we found her, saying again: “Me, too, mamma!”

Then you remembered her boots. “Oh, my darling,” you said, kissing her, for you are a kind mother, “you cannot go in those nice boots; the dew will spoil them; and it is not worth while to change them, we shall be back in a few minutes.”

A storm of tears would have burst out in an instant at this the third disappointment, if I had not sat down on the door-step, and, taking her in my lap, whispered that auntie was going to stay, too.

“Oh, put the child down, and come along,” called the great, strong, uncomprehending man—Blue Eyes’ dear papa. “Pussy won’t mind. Be a good girl, pussy; I’ll bring you a red balloon to-night.”

You are both very kind, you and George, and you both love little Blue Eyes dearly.

“No, I won’t come. I believe my boots are too thin,” said I; and for the equivocation there was in my reply I am sure of being forgiven.

You both turned back twice to look at the child, and kissed your hands to her; and I wondered if you did not see in her face what I did, real grief and patient endurance. Even “The King of the Golden River” did not rouse her; she did not want a red balloon at night; she wanted to walk between you to the station, with her little hands in yours! God grant the day may not come when you will be heart-broken because you can never lead her any more!

She asked me some questions while you were gone, which you remember I repeated to you. She asked me if I did not hate nice new shoes; and why little girls could not put on the dresses they liked best; and if mamma did not look beautiful in that pretty white dress; and said that, if she could only have had her own tea-set at breakfast, she would have let me have my coffee in one of her cups. Gradually she grew happier, and began to tell me about her great wax-doll, which had eyes that could shut, which was kept in a trunk because she was too little, mamma said, to play very much with it now; but she guessed mamma would let her have it to-day; did I not think so? Alas! I did, and I said so; in fact, I felt sure that it was the very thing you would be certain to do to sweeten the day, which had begun so sadly for poor little Blue Eyes.

It seemed very long to her before you came back, and she was on the point of asking for her dolly as soon as you appeared; but I whispered to her to wait till you were rested. After a few

minutes I took her up to your room—that lovely room with the bay-window to the east; there you sat in your white dress, surrounded with gay worsted, all looking like a carnival of hummingbirds. "Oh, how beautiful!" I exclaimed, in involuntary admiration; "what are you doing?"

You said that you were going to make an afghan, and that the morning was so enchanting you could not bear the thought of touching your mending, but were going to luxuriate in the worsteds. Some time passed in sorting the colors and deciding on the contrasts, and I forgot all about the doll.

Not so little Blue Eyes. I remembered afterward how patiently she stood still, waiting and waiting for a gap between our words, that she need not break the law against interrupting, with her eager: "Please, mamma, let me have my wax dolly to play with this morning! I'll sit right here on the floor, by you and auntie, and not hurt her one bit. Oh, please do, mamma!"

You mean always to be a very kind mother, and you spoke as gently and lovingly as it is possible to speak when you replied: "O Pussy, mamma is too busy to get it; she can't get up now. You can play with your blocks, and with your other dollsies, just as well; that's a good little girl."

Probably, if Blue Eyes had gone on imploring, you would have laid your worsteds down and given her the dolly; for you love her dearly, and never mean to make her unhappy. But neither you nor I were prepared for what followed.

"You're a naughty, ugly, hateful mamma! You never let me do *anything*, and I wish you were dead!" with such a burst of screaming and tears that we were both frightened.

You looked, as well you might, heart-broken at such words from your only child. You took her away; and when you came back, you cried, and said you had whipped her severely, and you did not know what you should do with a child of such a frightful temper.

"Such an outburst as that, just because I told

her, in the gentlest way possible, that she could not have a plaything! It is terrible!"

Then I said some words to you which you thought were unjust. I asked you in what condition your own nerves would have been by ten o'clock that morning if your husband (who had, in one view, a much better right to thwart your harmless desires than you had to thwart your child's, since you, in the full understanding of maturity, gave yourself into his hands) had, instead of admiring your pretty white dress, told you to be more prudent, and not put it on; had told you it would be nonsense to have breakfast out on the piazza; and that he could not wait for you to walk to the station with him. You said that the cases were not at all parallel; and I replied hotly that that was very true, for those matters would have been to you only the comparative trifles of one short day, and would have made you only a little cross and uncomfortable; whereas to little Blue Eyes they were the all-absorbing desires of the hour, which, to a child in trouble, always looks as if it could never come to an end, and would never be followed by anything better.

Blue Eyes cried herself to sleep, and slept heavily till late in the afternoon. When her father came home, you said that she must not have the red balloon, because she had been such a naughty girl. I have wondered many times since why she did not cry again, or look grieved when you said that, and laid the balloon away. After eleven o'clock at night, I went to look at her, and found her sobbing in her sleep and tossing about. I groaned as I thought, "This is only one day, and there are three hundred and sixty-five in a year!" But I never recall the distorted face of that poor child, as, in her fearful passion, she told you she wished you were dead, without also remembering that even the gentle Christ said of him who should offend one of these little ones, "It were better for him that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck, and he were drowned in the depths of the sea!"

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

THREE LITTLE SNOW-FLAKES.

BY MADGE CARROL.

TOWARD the close of a dark day early in November, three little Snow-flakes left their gray cloud-home and drifted earthward.

"What a pleasure it is to be free!" exclaimed the first. "I'm so tired of that stupid old place and this everlasting white! I want to live where there's something going on. I long to flash in colors, move in the midst of splendor and feel the rush and whirl of giddy life about me. Rest assured I, for one, am bound for scenes of beauty and revelry. Where are you going?"

"I," answered the second little Snow-flake, "pine for the light and warmth of human love. Heretofore existence has been colorless, cold; it shall be so no longer. I mean to seek out the

fairest woman below, dream sweet dreams on her silken eye-lids, dew the red roses of her mouth or cradle myself in the pink-lined nest of her caressing hand." Then turning to the third little Snow-flake, flitting earthward mute and meek, she asked: "What are going down for?"

"All day and all night long a cry has been coming up to the home we have left," answered this whitest of the triple flakes, "and I have heard it; it is a cry of want and pain. My heart's desire is to do something for its relief. I am only a drop of frozen vapor, so tiny that nobody, perhaps, will notice me; yet, if I can do the smallest mite of good, in the humblest place, I shall be more than satisfied."

They hurried and scurried, these white-hooded sisters, now up, now down, now hither, now thither, while the wind piped, the leaves danced

their death-dance, and every little stream turned stiff with cold.

At length they spied a great building brilliantly illuminated. Red and yellow light filled it to overflowing, then crept out at the windows, ran along the roof and leaped skyward in flaming billows like a gorgeous sunset astray. The people cried, "Fire! fire!" There was a jangle of many bells, the piercing shriek of whistles, the thud of flying feet. Men turned pale in that blistering glare, women cried and little children hid their frightened faces.

"At last! at last!" exclaimed the first flake, never heeding the nature of this tumult, and fairly turning a sommersault in her ecstasy. "Here are the scenes of revelry for which I have groaned and sighed in my dreary prison-home! Farewell, white sisterhood, your way is no longer my way. Watch, and you shall see me dance and shine in the very heart of those splendors. Oh, light, beauty, joy, I come!"

Left alone the cloud-sisters watched, waited, listened. Presently there was heard a sharp, hissing sound, next a stinging cry, and the first little Snow-flake was no more. Filled with horror, they darted from the spot and wandered on to where a lady came riding by. She was royally beautiful; her dark hair braided with gold, jewels on her brow, rare radiance in her eyes, soft crimson on her lips, sunrise pinks on either cheek; exceeding fair, but hard and cold as the gems with which she was decked.

"I have found her!" cried the second little Snow-flake, in a transport of delight. "She will love me as she loves all beautiful things. See, I light like a kiss on that forehead whiter than leagues of our untrodden drifts. She will touch me gently. I shall shine among her jewels. Good-bye, cold sister, henceforth love and warmth are my blissful portion. Good-bye."

"Augh! that horrid snow!" exclaimed the lady. "Bettine," to her maid, "wipe it off. Be careful now, or you'll ruin my complexion."

The next moment a drop of moisture on a web of lace was all that remained of the second little Snow-flake.

"Ah, me! ah, me! I shall surely die in this terrible cold! Tiny white cloak hanging in the sky there, won't you come and cover me?"

"Gladly, gladly," answered the solitary flakelet. "Who are you? Where shall I find you?"

"I was a little flower, growing on an infant's grave. When the pale mother saw my blue eyes looking skyward she said they were like the baby's, and wept, yet looked up with me afterward, and seemed almost comforted. There's nothing of me just now except a slender brown stalk rattling in the wind. I shall perish utterly in this biting air without a bit of something about my feet. Come quickly then and cover me up."

As the third little Snow-flake hurried toward the spot from whence this cry came, she saw the gray cloud-gate open to let a crowd of her people out. Calling to them she told the story of the sister flakelets, the one in search of pleasure, the other in search of love.

"Come then with me," she entreated. "Let us

not seek our own but another's happiness. Come, we will cover this fair floweret and hang a warm mantle between it and the north wind's bitter blasts."

Then she laid her dot of a cloak down, and, seeing it, all the rest hurried that way and set to work with such a will that before morning dawned the brown flower-stalk was muffled clear to the ear-tips.

Time passed. Winter wrapped his ice-fringed garments about him and slipped away to the far north. Spring came with sweet wind-whispers, brook and bird songs, blossom-bannered hosts, and on the baby's grave there stood a sky-blue floweret looking heavenward. A sky-blue floweret with a star in its heart like the little Snow-flake that, in the gray November, came earthward to do her mate of good.

THE CONVOLVULACEÆ QUARREL.

OR, HOW THE RED MORNING-GLORIES CAME.

BY S. JENNIE JONES.

DID you ever hear the story
Of Pale Pink Morning-Glory,
How she quarrelled with her sisters,
Blue and White?

Then listen while I weave it;
But I know you'll scarce believe it,
Though I tell you that it happened in my sight.

'Twas on the south veranda,
Where clinging vines meander,
And climb, and revel at their own sweet will.
The time was early morning,
While the dew was yet adorning
The buds and blossoms, and the air was still;
When hark! I stopped and listened;
Where the dew-drops brightest glistened,
'Mong the climbers, came a voice "along the line,"
From the twisted, silken petals,
A voice, as sharp as nettles!

(Who'd have thought it from that pretty, pink-starred vine?)

"You Morning-Glories, yonder!
Who gave you leave, I wonder,
To climb upon this trellis, White and Blue?
My name's *Convolvulaceæ*,
And all who will see, may see,
That I am not a common weed, like you."

White turned a trifle paler,
To hear such words assail her,
But answered, in her sweetest, softest way:
"Please, Pinky, do not worry;
We two would better hurry
And unroll this morning's buds, while yet we
may;
Like sister here behind us,
Perform the part assigned us,
Then stop to talk when we can do no more.
I think her work is splendid!
How well the blue is blended
With the snowy paint above the cottage door?"

Pink flaunted out a blossom,
Pale rose with pure white bosom

('Twas lovely, but she marred it with a frown,) As she answered: "Let me tell her If she hoists a blue umbrella On this lattice, I shall coolly tear it down. I mean to reign—you hear me Without a rival near me; A thing of beauty, and of joy and pride. No queen among the roses A fairer tint discloses; Or pink-lined sea-shell, by the ocean's side." Blue Morning-Glory listened, While tiny dew-drops glistened Like sparkling tears within each azure bell; And not a word she uttered; But a voice was heard that muttered: "A pretty story this will be tell! A quarrel on the lattice, Of little family matters, Of name, and place, and station, oh, dear me!" A sudden spell came o'er me. And then I saw before me, A flower sprite, no bigger than a bee. She swung upon a spray, In a rose-leaf mantle gay, Her tiny curls with gems of pollen dressed, And carried in her hand, As sceptre of command, A golden stamen from a lily's breast. "Now be it known," she cried, The Bind-Weeds, far and wide, In court are summoned forthwith to appear, To say if Blue and White Have not an equal right With pretty pink, upon the lattice here. And also to decide, If beauty, place and pride, And sounding titles which the great inherit, (And which are often found To be but empty sound,) Are worth comparison with modest merit." "Who will go with speed, and call All the tribe, both great and small, To assemble, without fail, at eventide?" "I," said Snail, "will volunteer." And the flowers cried: "Hear, hear!" But the sprite commanded silence, and replied: "You are very kind, indeed, But the case requires such speed, That I fear 'twill quite exhaust your utmost strength." When, who should flutter by, But Gold-wing Butterfly? Who was proposed, and chosen, too, at length. Pink looked somewhat affrighted, And wished she had not slighted Her sisters, when she saw the crowd that came: But she held her head up proudly, And reiterated loudly Her title to the big, high-sounding name. The Rutland Beauty came To represent the name Of the Calystegia family on the wall; While Cypress vine was seen, With her lovely fringe of green, And her pretty little scarlet parasol.

Up o'er the garden paling, Her showy blossoms trailing, Jalapa, in her purple, white and rose, Came on in breathless gallop, And announced: "My name is Jalap—Medicinal, as every doctor knows!" This, no one could say "Nay" to, And she added, "Sweet Potato Is coming; he's akin to all of us. He makes but little show, And yet we can but know He's an honor to the name *Convolvulus*." "It is said that plants of worth Oft disdain the pride of birth, On solid merits of their own relying. Indeed, I chance to know some: There's *Solanum Tuberousum*—Scarce known by that name, yet there's no denying It is his family name; And he's not unknown to fame; Just call him plain *Potato*, or, for Pat, Make it "*Pratio*," and you'll know, He is known where'er you go; And not only known, but popular at that." To this assented all; And some one said: "Let's call Our honest Irish friends across the way; 'Tis true they are not Bind Weeds, But we know they are not blind weeds, So let us hear what they may have to say." They honest Tuber sent, The name to represent, In a common, homespun suit of dusty brown. "I can scarce believe my eyes!" He exclaimed in much surprise, As he looked upon the group assembled round. "The Bind Weeds falling out? How came it all about, In a family so noted for their ties?" They told him, and he grew More astonished still, as Blue, With her sister White, gave mildly their replies. "And now, my dears, just tell us Why you wished to climb the trellis Was it merely that you might your charms display? All eyes can see your beauty; But tell us, pray, what duty Do you perform each passing summer's day?" "We love to please the eye," Blue softly made reply; "For this we hang our bells each sunny morning, But higher aims have we, As you will plainly see, Than merely that of beautiful adorning. We work through darksome night, With our united might, To do the Heavenly Master's kindly will; With leaves the lattice twining, To keep the sun from shining Too fiercely on the lady who is ill." She scarce had time to pause, When, hark! such loud applause

Burst forth from all the company assembled,
That the bees came buzzing up
From every flower cup,
And every tiny twig and tendril trembled.
It ceased, and silence fell
With soft and soothing spell.
Then Flower Sprite spoke from Jalap's purple
border:
"The court is so agreed,
A vote we scarcely need;
Remarks upon the case are now in order."
Pink lowly drooped her head,
And meekly, humbly said:
"I see my error, and confess it too."
Her lovely face a flame,
For very grief and shame—
So, to-day the lattice wears *Red, White and Blue.*

OPTICAL EXPERIMENTS.

1. Fold a sheet of writing-paper into a tube whose diameter is about three centimetres [an inch or so]. Keeping both eyes open, look through the tube with one eye, and look at the hand with the other, the hand being placed close by the tube. An extraordinary phenomenon will be observed. A hole the size of the tube will appear cut through the hand, through which objects are distinctly visible. That part of the tube between the eye and hand will appear transparent, as though the hand were seen through it. This experiment is not new, but I have never seen it described. The explanation of it is quite evident.

2. Drop a blot of ink upon the palm of the hand,

at the point where the hole appears to be, and again observe as before. Unless the attention be strongly concentrated upon objects seen through the tube, the ink-spot will be visible within the tube (apparently), but that part of the hand upon which it rests will be invisible, unless special attention be directed to the hand. Ordinarily the spot will appear opaque. By directing the tube upon brilliantly illuminated objects, it will, however, appear transparent, and may be made to disappear by proper effort. By concentrating the attention upon the hand, it may also be seen within the tube (especially if strongly illuminated), that part immediately surrounding the ink-spot appearing first.

3. Substitute for the hand a sheet of unruled paper, and for the ink-spot a small hole cut through the paper. The small hole will appear within the tube, distinguishing itself by its higher illumination, the paper immediately surrounding it being invisible. Many other curious experiments will suggest themselves. For example: If an ink-spot somewhat larger than the tube be observed, the lower end of the tube will appear to be blackened on the inside.

4. Look through a paper tube with one eye at green paper, and through another tube with the other eye, at red paper. The paper should be illuminated by the direct solar ray. The two colors, at first vivid, are rapidly enfeebled. After half a minute transfer both eyes to either one of the papers, say red. To the eye fatigued by green, the red color is very brilliant, and the effect is the more striking on account of the simultaneous impressions now received by the two eyes.

The Home Circle.

FROM MY CORNER.

BY LICHEN.

No. 12.

GRAY, sombre clouds overspread the winter sky, and chilly winds sigh through the leafless branches of the trees. The hillsides look so brown and bare, that it is hard to guess what the sheep, that are ranging over them, can find to nibble. A few little flocks of snow-birds and sparrows flit about occasionally, gathering up their scanty meal. Out on that oak-tree, a single brown withered leaf hangs on the tip end of a branch, shaking, shaking, with every breeze that blows, yet refusing to let go its hold. I admire its endurance and tenacity, but I am tired looking at it, and waiting for it to come down.

Even my little corner looks gloomy, with no sunlight across it. No tea-rose blooms for me this month—not even a sweet violet is out now. I am fain to court the warm glow of the fire, in the big rocking-chair, whenever I am able.

A friend at a distance who has never seen me during these later years, wanted to know, a short time ago, just how "my corner" looked. So I gave her a little pen-portrait of it, with the lounge

drawn up by the side of a front window, where I look out over the western hills. Another window is at its head, where the sun shines in through the middle of the day, and where, in the broad sill, the pot of sweet violets always stands. A small crimson foliage plant is added now, whose leaves, when the sunlight is on them, are like some beautiful, rich-colored flower. (My railroad ivy was killed last winter in a cold snap, and I would not try another this season for fear it would meet the same fate.) Close beside the front window hangs a large wall-pocket, with a lovely girl-face framed upon it, whose blue eyes look down at me almost like human ones. The pocket holds a supply of letter-paper and envelopes—to be handy—all my fresh letters, paper-cutter, account-book, etc. Below it, a leather work-box, with handles, contains my crotchet-work, scissors, pencils and a variety of little articles to be convenient for use, and save mother's steps. Under the pillows, my little writing-book is always kept, where I can slip it out any minute, and laying it on my arm, scribble a few lines whenever I feel like it. On the other side of the window, hangs the pretty little chromo Hope gave me, which often makes me think of, and long for her. I miss her so, on

these gloomy days—she used often to make such ones bright with her presence. It was at this season last winter, that our friendship was new, and now she has such a large place in my heart. I have cheery letters from her every few weeks, but they are not like seeing her. In this chair beside me, she read Jean Ingelow's Poems—it was the first time she had seen them. By that window she sat, absorbed in the "Romaunt of the Page," on the day when the rose flew in to her feet. I never think of that poem since, without thinking of her, and the roses. She is like a rose, herself. I wonder if she could make such a woman as is pictured in that pathetic little story. I wonder if there are any such real women in these days, as those Mrs. Browning's fancy has created in the heroines of that poem, and the "Rhyme of the Duchess May"—those who would show such devotion and self-sacrifice. I think so, surely. I believe I know some who would be just as devoted, going even to death, cheerfully; but in these times I am thankful there are few occasions to call for such trial.

Edna was reading Mrs. Browning to me yesterday afternoon. She and I agree in our admiration of her writings, and our opinion that she is the greatest woman poet the world has ever known. 'Tis true there are some things about her style, that I do not like. I think she often sacrifices poetic beauty to force of expression, and expresses herself too forcibly for good taste. Some of her Italian patriotic poems, I have never read, and cannot judge of them; but in "Aurora Leigh," and many shorter pieces, there is so much strength, and depth, and originality of thought—she sets such a high standard of good, she breathes such true Christianity and morality into her poems, that one feels as if they might help to ennoble mankind. She strips the gilding off of fashionable follies, pride of position and self-righteousness, shows them in their true light, and treats them with no gentle speech. Among other pieces, Edna chose yesterday "The Lay of the Brown Rosary." In some way, I had always passed by it, not being attracted by the name; and after hearing it read, was sorry I had missed so long one that I might have enjoyed so much, for the last of the poem I thought particularly good and beautiful. Here again comes in the author's strong sense of justice, in the severe retribution which follows the heroine's impiety in the first of the story.

Edna comes every now and then to read to me, but we often do more talking than reading; for when I have not seen her for a few weeks, we have so much to say to each other.

We were discussing, yesterday, a marriage which had lately taken place in our neighborhood, and another that is in prospect, and the various merits and demerits of the gentlemen most nearly concerned in both.

I sometimes make use of such opportunities to speak my views, not just as advice, but as ideas which the girls may—I hope—think of, and use sometime, if occasion comes for it.

I know Edna is particular about the gentlemen whose attentions she allows or encourages, and it

pleases me to see it. Girls ought to be very particular about such a thing, and if the most of them were more so, I believe young men, as a general thing, would be better. If their companions of the gentler sex would more strongly disown their vices and bad habits—if they would use their utmost influence, quietly but steadily, to encourage and help them to lead noble, pure lives, they could make a great difference in those who are around them. Girls have no idea how much good they could do in this way. And is it not worth doing? Is anything much better worth doing than the helping a fellow-creature to walk in the right way?

Edna thinks she has no influence; and that is the opinion of so many with regard to themselves. Half the girls who read this, will say the same. But how can they tell. It is not expected that they should know it, always. It is an unseen work, often, for a long time—hardly known even to the one on whom it acts, until it results gradually in the reforming of a whole life. But it is just as much one's duty to try, as if they knew their aim would be accomplished. Many of you girls have read the little story—taken from an English newspaper last year, and given as a fact-of the stone in the pavement of a London door-yard, which was raised from the place where it had been imbedded, perhaps for years, by the growth of some mushrooms under it. It seems almost incredible on first thought. You might crush a handful of them in your fingers, yet by steady, long-continued effort, they accomplished unseen, what an ordinary man could not do with all his strength, at any one moment. Even so should be the quiet, steady influence of a good woman. Not seen at any one time, perhaps, but gradually felt and perceived in the accomplishment of some great good that will last forever.

ONE WOMAN'S WORK.

THE example of every good, brave, successful woman is a legacy to her sex. There is nothing so inspiring as the example of those who have "succeeded" in the face of many difficulties. One reason why our dear Pipsy's suggestions come home with such weight to us is because she gives us her own experience in the matters on which she writes. I wonder how many poor, hard-working girls have been inspired by her to "take hold" and make the most of their opportunities. That is what the most of us need. The disposition to make the most of ourselves in every way: time, talents, means and opportunities.

The example of Madam Ida Pfeiffer is, in its way, a very inspiring one to women. Her passion was for travelling in foreign lands, but for many years the way did not open. A most unhappy marriage kept her in bondage for eighteen years, in which she toiled incessantly to provide food for her children, often having nothing better than dry bread to set before them.

When left alone, at last, she turned her attention to the business of making her two sons self-supporting. When that period was reached she was

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forty-five years old, and then she began in earnest to follow the bent of her mind. With small resources, she began her journeyings, writing up her travels and adventures, and thus securing the means to push on to new fields of exploration. She visited almost every portion of the known globe which was accessible to women—many parts, indeed, where no one of her sex had ever preceded her. She continued this adventurous life down to her old age, and died at last in her Austrian home from the effects of a fever caught in Madagascar. She was honored by the great and learned of her day, and her history is a wonderful illustration of what a little woman of spirit and enterprise can accomplish even when all things seem to be against her.

Not many of us have her fancy for travel, but all of us would be the better for an occasional excursion outside the precincts of our own home surroundings, and if we really have the will, there will generally be a way opened.

MRS. McCONAUGHEY.

COME, BOYS.

COME, boys," said Mr. Worth, one cold, blustery morning, "our stock will need extra care on a day like this, and you and I are not the ones to let them suffer, if it is cold and disagreeable work."

The boys, three in number, aged ten, twelve and fourteen, tumbled into their boots and overcoats in a hearty, boyish manner, and good-naturedly prepared to follow their father to the barn. They chatted pleasantly on the way, and laughed at the storm which swept in fierce gusts over the hills, and came shrieking down the valleys.

The animals were all comfortably sheltered, and had an appearance of good-keeping which spoke well for their owner.

"I believe my calf is the very fattest one in the lot," said the youngest boy, proudly patting his pet upon the neck.

"That speaks well for your care of it, my son," said the father, approvingly. "'The merciful man is merciful to his beast,' you know; and it is a source of great happiness to me to believe that all my boys will be merciful men."

"We wouldn't be much like you, if we weren't, father," said the eldest, as he took a measure of oats to the horses.

Mr. Worth's careful eye noticed the measure, and saw that it contained the proper quantity, as he answered: "I hope to prove by my example that I am sincere in my precepts."

The father did the hardest and most disagreeable part of the work himself; but there were appropriate tasks proportioned to the strength of each, for Mr. Worth owned quite a number of animals, and of course it required considerable work to attend to everything properly.

Before they started to the house, Mr. Worth went round and inspected the work of the boys, to see if there was anything in which they needed further instruction.

"Sammy," he said, "your calf is tied too short;

if he attempts to lie down, the rope will choke him, and instead of going closer to the manger to which he is tied, as an intelligent creature would do, as soon as the rope begins to draw upon his neck he will pull back until he is strangled, and how badly you would feel to find him dead."

"O father, how glad I am that you noticed it," said the boy, as he hastened to remedy the matter.

"I want all of you to notice such matters for yourselves, for I cannot always be with you, and careful habits are of great advantage to every one," replied the parent.

"Let us do all the chores without you to-night, father, and then you can look over our work to see if it is done properly, so that if you should happen to be sick, you would know just how we would do, and would not be uneasy about anything, for by having you to point out and correct our mistakes, we should soon learn to do everything as well as you," said the eldest boy.

"That is a good suggestion," replied the father; "but I think I will delay putting it in practice until the weather is more favorable, for it is too much for boys to do when the weather is so intensely cold as it is to-day. Now for a race to the house," he continued, after the doors were all properly closed, and they were ready to start.

Away they went, laughing, shouting and bursting into the house like a drove of young colts.

"Why, James, you are as much of a boy as any of them," said the mother, pleasantly.

"I can afford to be, when I have such good, honest, jolly boys to help me," answered the father.

A substantial breakfast was ready, and there was no shadow of discontent hovering about any of the bright faces that gathered round it; the boys had rendered efficient aid to their father, but it was no hardship, and they did not even consider it a task.

Will any one suppose that when old age has robbed Mr. Worth of his manly strength, so that he is no longer able to care for himself, that his sons will be lacking in filial duty?

There was a little different scene enacted that morning at the residence of Mr. Breun, in the same neighborhood. Mr. Breun was also a farmer, with the usual amount of stock to attend to, and which requires a man's strength and ability to properly care for.

The first thing which he did upon awaking, was to call the oldest boy down from his cold room in the chamber to make the fires. After this was done, he said: "Now call John and Bill, and go out and feed the stock."

The boys came slowly down and prepared to go, but there was no interest manifested in their work, and no alacrity in their movements.

"Hurry up, now, and get out there. I never saw such slow, lazy boys; you don't half take care of the stock, anyway; our cattle don't look like Mr. Worth's, and he told me that his boys did most all the feeding."

After awhile the boys started out reluctantly.

"I hate to go out to feed on such cold, stormy mornings," grumbled the oldest boy. It is such hard, cold work to get the hay out of the stack for

the cattle. It does seem as though I never could get enough."

"Father says it isn't hard work—he used to do twice as much when he was of your age," said his brother.

"He has undergone a great change, then, since he was a boy," replied the other.

"What is the reason that we never can make him believe that it is cold?" asked the younger.

"Because he can't feel it sitting there in the very warmest corner in the room," answered the other.

The older boy worked for awhile, cutting the hay from the stock, while the other fed the sheep and hogs.

"Oh, dear!" he exclaimed at length, "my hands are so cold I cannot get any more. I know that it is not enough, but I will divide it around, and give them more when it is not so cold."

After doing the work in their own way, the boys went to the house again.

"Are you sure that you gave the cattle hay enough?" asked Mr. Breun, sternly.

"I got all I could, but the wind blew so hard, and it was so cold, that I didn't give them as much as usual," replied the boy.

"*Cold!*" said the father, contemptuously. "Are you always going to be a baby? You'll never pay for your bringing up, at this rate. When I was of your age I didn't think anything of doing as much work as all of you. Go and give the cattle more hay, Bill. You and John bring in some wood." And having driven the boys out again, the father drew his chair up to the fire and entertained his wife with a tirade about the "worthlessness of boys now-a-days."

If Mr. Breun lives to be thirty years older, he will talk of the ingratitude of his children, and complain of their want of affection for him, and tell how selfishly they left him to do for themselves as soon as they attained their majority, seeming to forget the filial obligation which they owe to him.

O parents, why will you not remember that he who sows selfishness in the hearts of his children, must surely reap a harvest of the same; and when you see an old man kindly and tenderly cared for by his sons and daughters, you may be sure that he is only reaping the just reward of that which he has sown by his own kindly deeds and tender considerations in the days of their helpless childhood, for just as surely as wheat will return a harvest of wheat, will kindness return a harvest of kindness, and selfishness bring forth selfishness, especially when sown upon such fertile soil as the hearts of tender childhood.

ISADORE ROGERS.

THE VICE OF SAVING.

I FULLY concur with Pipsey in her idea of giving away the pieces of your worn-out dresses rather than to hoard them up for some chance use. It hardly pays for most of us to waste time making patch-work, when blankets are so much cheaper and nicer, and a tidy spread so much easier to wash. Yet bed-quilt making still prevails to a great extent in many places, and

"piecing blocks" is very nice little girl's work. I remember the exercise in my own childhood with great satisfaction. Oh, the delight of "looking over" a roll of pieces which some kind friend had given me. Thirty years ago, all our best calicos were French or English, and the pieces left from making a new dress were like bright pictures. I haven't seen anything in prints so handsome for many a day. But I know many little girls who are just as delighted with patch-work material now-a-days. A poor mother to whom I sent a few trifles for her children, including a large roll of odds and ends of calico for her little girl, wrote back that "Beulah was pleased to pieces with her pieces." We have remembered Beulah ever since, and mean to send her another good roll soon.

Speaking of saving, it is true here as in other matters, that virtues taken to excess become vices. What a museum some houses are of all manner of odds and ends which, if not utterly worthless, are so nearly so that their room is better than their company. How it multiplies work to have so much lumber to overhaul twice a year. For often it is not thoroughly gone through with except in case of a moving. It stands piled up in the garret from year to year, a regular fortification behind which the rats and mice may entrench themselves, and make it a saluting port from which to invade all the rest of the house. One would feel almost afraid to go into some garrets. The corners look snaky.

Now, one great help is to turn to account what can really be used. Bury the old boots and shoes around your fruit-trees and grape-vines. They are considered good fertilizers by many, and if they are not worth much that way, you will have relieved any qualms of conscience you may have had on the subject of throwing them away. The digging about your trees will do great good if nothing else. Best of all, you have hidden the unsightly things from sight. Glue together the disjointed furniture, varnish it up and put it again in use. Sell off every ounce of old-iron trumpery, and buy a bright new basin or two. Depend upon it, you have made a good bargain if you only get a mill a pound for your trash.

The world is moving on too fast for many people even to stop to read your files of old yellow papers and pamphlets, however good they were in their day. Scrap-book the cream of them, and thank the old rag-man for giving you a set of cheap tumblers, or a vegetable-dish or two for the rest. A smart housewife will slyly slip into her stove many a useless bit of wood which is cumbering her premises needlessly. Old spade-handles which have been broken off and saved to stumble over; stubs of brooms, and the like, which some people will hoard for nothing. There is no use in arguing these matters, but if the thing happens to "get lost," it soon passes from mind. "Dead men tell no tales," said a lady, turning around with a smile, to her friend, as she put under her dinner-pot a piece of an old wheel which had been drifting about the yard for a month or two.

But one of the best ways to keep old things from accumulating is to give them away to those

who really need them "Nothing is lost which goes to another." Many things of no use in your household are a great blessing to a family in another social plane. Keep an eye open for such chances, and you will be able to do a favor to yourself and to others also. One of the best ways of keeping moths out of old garments and laid-away carpets is to give them to some suffering widow and fatherless children. In this way you may also "lay up treasure whither neither moth nor rust doth corrupt."

J. McC.

OUR IDOLS.

NOT the hideous images of heathen; not the "stocks and stones" of which we read; but we have our idols nevertheless, and we pay them as constant homage as Eastern devotees ever knew.

There is the great idol of wealth—and it is not such a bad one, either. Look at the comforts, the enjoyment, the opportunities and the blessed *leisure* it can buy! But when it is narrowed down to the having and holding of money for money's sake, it is paltry indeed; no better in a Christian country than a little ivory toy would be in heathen lands.

Not much better is it when bowed down to, in servile prostration, in the form of house and furniture. How many women consider all home happiness as naught compared to the elegance of their parlor pictures, carpets, etc.

Then beauty is the idol of many. Health, our richest earthly blessing, is freely sacrificed at its shrine. The thought always uppermost is, "How do I look?"

And honor comes in for a share of worship. Almost excusable as immortal fame, the meed of genius, but how little, how insignificant, when it degenerates into the ardent desire of the soul to outrank daily associates, to be "looked up to" as "quality!" And how amusing to those who are raised by social standing above temptations of this sort, are the frantic struggles of aspirants after the "upper seats" in society!

Some worship ease. Every care for others is lost in the supreme idea of personal ease, rest or indolence, whichever one may call it.

But little and low as some of these gods are, there are others more paltry still. Truly there are many women in the world who make an idol of a *clean floor*. Scour, and scald, and sweep; sweep, and scald, and scour; and to be called the neatest housekeepers in the village or neighborhood, seems to be their highest ambition; and all who do not see fit to unite with them in idolizing this species of labor, are regarded as heathen.

Others look in the same light upon farm-work—that is, farm *housework*. If you are not slaving your life out, cooking, washing, milking, etc., you are doing nothing, and are a mere cumberer of the ground.

Good sewing is the god of some. They cannot sleep at night if there is an unfelled pillow-case about the house. A raw seam or a knot on the wrong side is a perfect terror to them.

Above any named so far, is the idol of know-

ledge; and, truly, as the little man said, "Knowledge is an excellent thing;" and the desire to obtain it is laudable; but when, in ceaseless pursuit of it, we give no rest to mind or body, no kind word to a friend, no gentle care to those to whom we owe it most, it becomes an idol.

But nearer and dearer than any of these are the idols of our love. Our homes! What a place they have in our hearts! It is right for us to love them, to adorn them, to make them beautiful and attractive if we can; but is it not possible for us, in our loving zeal, to forget higher things? In so far as love of home drives out our thoughts of Heaven, it becomes an idol. And our children—can we love them too much? I think not. I don't think God cares how much we love them. I think He gave them to us to love. I don't think He ever takes them from us because we love them too well. But in loving them so dearly, in sacrificing our own comfort to their happiness, in willingly laying down our lives for them, if we fail to praise God for this blessed gift, we become idolaters.

Now, among all these idols, which is mine? which is yours? Wealth, beauty, honor, ease, industry, knowledge and love! If we set any of these "before God," let us remember and henceforth heed the injunction, "Keep yourselves from idols."

E. B. PAYNE.

THE SCAPE-GOAT.

ONLY a brief account of this wonderful creature is given in ancient history. Among other ceremonial regulations in the book of Leviticus, we find the object of this ordinance lightly touched upon. From what we can gather, we conclude that Aaron was commanded to select a goat, and instead of sacrificing it for atonement, as was a custom among the Israelites, he was to lay his hands upon its head, and confess over it all the transgressions of the people. The animal was supposed to receive their iniquities; and, being sent away into the wilderness, bore with them their sins.

The days of real scape-goats have passed away, but the question arises, do not people even at the present time invent something like a substitute for one? Something by means of which they can relieve themselves, and upon which they can vent their evil propensities?

I remember a fragment of a story which illustrates what I wish to bring out. According to my poor memory, it ran somewhat as follows. There once lived a gentleman, who, though sufficiently advanced in years, for some reason had never found a kindred spirit with which to unite his destinies. But, as a favoring fortune would have it, he had a sister who, like himself, had never entered the matrimonial state. She willingly kept his house and ministered to his daily necessities. This gentleman was afflicted with a temper that at times was violently hasty. The sister had a pet kitten which had a passion for lying on the door-mat. Her brother often came in feeling exceedingly disturbed in mind. Poor kitty on the rug was naturally the first object that greeted his eyes, and he being, as it seems,

burdened with a sense of his shortcomings, used this specimen of the feline race as a scape-goat. He did not follow the example of Aaron, by letting his sins pass off to the kitty's head through his hands, but thought it better to let them escape through the *toe of his boot*. Neither was she actually sent by him into the wilderness, but always far enough from the door-mat for all practical purposes. The sister's heart was grieved that her innocent pet should be obliged to suffer for the sins of her brother, and she set herself at work to invent a less sensitive scape-goat. "Where there is a will, there is a way," and, as the story goes, she made an image which closely resembled her pet in everything but the sense of feeling. I am happy to relate that the artificial was totally deficient in respect to the sensibilities. Unknown to her brother, she placed the result of her ingenuity upon the door-mat, and laid away the original copy in a bandbox.

Now, there was a certain young lady living near, for whom our hero had, so to speak, a "strong weakness." Just before his next home-

coming, it happened that this lady, whom of all others he was most willing to please, came in for a little chat.

He entered seemingly with a greater burden than usual to be cast off. He did not even stop to observe that there was company in the house, but with a great flourish of his foot, he started the supposed cat on her pilgrimage. Strange to relate, it alighted in the lady's lap. After this striking circumstance, I think some explanations and apologies were offered. I do not remember how the story "came out," but I cannot conceive how it could appropriately end in a wedding, as stories usually do. A moral from this tragical narrative can easily be drawn.

It is decidedly better that one should use a cat, dog or horse, rather than his friends, for a scapegoat. It would be better still to employ inanimate objects instead of dumb animals. But it is the best way of all to send one's sins far away without making great ado, as electricity is said to pass silently to the earth, by means of lightning-rods, instead of bursting in the thunder-bolt. E. L. W.

Housekeepers' Department.

A TALK WITH YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

BY SISTER ROSE.

PIES.

DO not, I beg of you, think that I imagine myself so good a cook as to give instructions to experienced persons. I merely wish to benefit those who find the culinary art somewhat an untried process.

If you can make nice pies, pay no attention to my directions, because I am not talking to *you*.

First, I wish to say never be deluded into buying a poor article, thinking it cheaper. An old farmer said that one might save one dollar in the course of a year by buying poor articles and by poor cookery. I think he would have been more nearly right if he had said a dollar was lost. It certainly is not economy to cook with poor materials or to cook in an indifferent manner, especially if you have a small family who are particular about their food.

Never use spring wheat flour. Your bread will doubtless taste as well, though darker colored, but your pie-crust will not be nice.

Now, after all these words, let me give you the rule for pie-crust: Three cups of sifted flour, one cup of lard, one cup of water. Rub the lard into the flour thoroughly, then mix with the water; add a trifle of salt previously. For the under-crust mould a little and have your oven hot when the pies are put in, and you will have no damp under-crust. Slice the apple thin and lay close around the edge. When the pie is filled, put a little more than half a cup of light brown sugar, (I use a large tea-cup). If your apples are juicy, do not put any water in the pie, as it will be sufficiently juicy by using the yellow or light brown sugar. Spice if you like, though it seems to me

a fine-flavored apple needs no spicing to improve it.

If you make your pies very sweet, it takes longer to bake them, and be sure the apple is tender before you take them from the oven, which you can tell by piercing with a splinter through a slit in the upper crust.

When made quite sweet, do not cut them the first day they are made, for they will be too juicy, but by the next day the juice has settled in the apple, and when you cut a piece with its flaky, delicately-browned crust, showing the slices of juicy, amber-colored apple keeping its shape, though very tender, then take a glass of cold, creamy milk as an accompaniment, and if your family are not delighted, send them away from the table!

If you make pies very sweet, they will keep a week in cold weather, and the last will be as good as the first by keeping them in a dry place. If they should seem a little stale, place them in a hot oven until warmed through. If you want your pie for dinner, in a couple of hours, quarter your apples and sweeten less, and it will be nicer to eat the same day.

It is a good plan to prepare the apple the night before, as it is a tiresome process to sit down in the morning to prepare apple when there is so much else to do.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher advises making pie-crust the day before in summer, and placing it down cellar on a stone, and the next day it is more flaky. Mr. H. W. B. says the Spitzemberg apple makes the best pie, but fortunately there are other fine-flavored apples.

I ran into a neighbor's house a minute, and found her making pies. She dumped in a few handfuls of apple in the centre, scattered some

sugar upon it, and put in an abundance of cinnamon. I no longer wondered that her little boy should throw away part of his pie; after he had eaten what little apple he could find, there was yet remaining a large portion of crust, and I would have thrown it away, too.

I saw a lady once warm the lard which she had brought from the cellar, and then use water which had stood for some time in the warm kitchen, for wetting it with the flour. She would have found by rubbing the lard, however hard, gradually into her flour, and using water fresh from the well, she would have had more flaky crust.

On making pumpkin pies, heat the mixture in a pan over a kettle of hot water; then have your oven hot, and the pie will bake so that you can easily slip it off the tin on to a plate.

Pipsey gave a good recipe for making pumpkin pies—perhaps it was more than a year ago. She ought to give it again for the benefit of new subscribers.

When you have a bit of crust left, do make some little one a turnover. How every child delights in turnovers. I have a weakness for them myself. Even your John, Tom or William will be pleasantly reminded of his mother's baking-table, where he stood begging her to make him a little pie, or wishing to make one himself.

I will give you a few tried recipes:

JENNY LIND CAKE.—One egg, one-half cup of butter, one cup of sugar well-beaten together; add one cup of sweet milk, half a teaspoon of soda, two teaspoons of cream of tartar, one teaspoon of extract of lemon.

SPICE CAKE.—One cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, one egg, cup of sour milk, one teaspoon of soda, one cup of raisins, two and a half cups of flour. Flavor to the taste with dark spices.

If you wish to make a nice but cheap marble cake, take these two cakes and unite them, after making the following changes:

For the white cake, use the whites of two eggs, and for the dark use the yolks of two eggs and omit the raisins. If you only wish to make one loaf, halve the recipe. After buttering a white paper that is cut to fit into the bottom and sides of the tin, put in a layer of brown, a layer of white, a spoonful of dark, one of white, and so on varying it to give it a more marbled appearance. The Jenny Lind Cake is good by adding a cupful of currants.

SUGAR COOKIES.—Two eggs, two cups of sugar, one-half cup of milk, one teaspoon of soda. Flavor with extract of lemon, or nutmeg or caraway seeds. Mix soft; roll in sugar.

SODA DOUGHNUTS.—Two eggs, one and a half cups of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoon of soda, two teaspoons of cream of tartar, or three of baking-powder, one tablespoon of butter, nutmeg and a little salt, one quart of flour; roll and cut out.

GINGER SNAPS.—Boil together two cups of molasses, one cup of brown sugar, two-thirds of a cup of butter. When cool, add one teaspoon of

soda, one tablespoon of ginger; mix stiff; roll thin; bake in a rather quick oven. Keep in a dry place. If they get moist, put them in a warm oven awhile.

CREAM BISCUIT.—One cup of cream, two cups of sour milk, two teaspoons of cream of tartar rubbed in the flour, one teaspoon of soda. Mix soft; bake quickly.

AIRING THE BEDDING.

BY CHRISTINE.

THREE is one thing that the most careful, tidy housekeepers are apt to neglect. It is the proper airing of the blankets in the winter-time. They need to be frequently hung out on the clothes-line in the brightest, breeziest day you can get, and allowed to hang there for a couple of hours at least. You cannot tell until you try it, how sweet and refreshing your sleep will be in this bed-clothing after its good air and sun-bath. Let the bed itself be pulled apart and left for the air to blow through it for the same length of time, and it will be sweet and fresh when you make it up. Beds made up as soon as the occupant has risen, can never be sweet and pure. But by all means do this in the forenoon, and in the afternoon shut up your windows, and let the room warm, if possible, from some central room with a stove in it. This is a winter comfort that cannot be too highly appreciated.

Many who believe in fresh air make the mistake of leaving the windows open all day, until the chillier winds of evening begin to blow in their dampness. This is almost sure to induce chilliness in the sleeper, if not a severe cold, which is always a dangerous thing. Damp air is a deadly foe to many delicate constitutions.

It sometimes happens that one of those ancient feather beds, which you cannot be persuaded to honorably bury, since they have served out their time, seems musty and disagreeable, though the pride of the house, as far as looks go. A quick way to help the matter is to purify it by heat. Cremation would do it effectually; but a lower heat will do it much good. Heat a room as hot as you can with safety, and leave the bed in it for half a day, shaking and turning it occasionally. Then a good air and sun-bath will finish it up and make it quite tolerable again.

A LAUNDRY SECRET.

THE following recipe for doing up shirts will be found of use to many housewives: Take two ounces of fine white gum arabic powder; put it into a pitcher and pour on it a pint or so of water; and then, having covered it up, let it stand all night. In the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, and cork it and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of gum-water stirred into a pint of starch, made in the usual manner, will give to the lawns, either white or printed, a look of newness, when nothing else can restore them, after they have been washed.

Evenings with the Poets.

UP-HILL.

BY CHRISTINA S. ROSSETTI.

DOES the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn till night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow, dark hours begin?
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will keep you standing at the door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labor you shall find the sun.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

JANETTE'S HAIR.

BY MILES O'REILLY.

OH, loosen the snood that you wear, Janette,
Let me tangle a hand in your hair, my pet—
For the world to me has no daintier sight
Than your brown hair veiling your shoulders
white,
As I tangled a hand in your hair, my pet.

It was brown with a golden gloss, Janette,
It was finer than silk of the floss, my pet;
'Twas a beautiful mist falling down to your
wrist,
'Twas a thing to be braided, and jewelled, and
kissed,
'Twas the loveliest hair in the world, my pet.

My arm was the arm of a clown, Janette,
It was sinewy, bristled and brown, my pet,
But warmly and softly it loved to caress
Your round white neck and your wealth of tress,
Your beautiful plenty of hair, my pet.

Your eyes had a swimming gloss, Janette,
Revealing the dear old story, my pet,
They were gray with that chastened tinge of the
sky,
When the trout leaps quickest to snap the fly—
And they matched with your golden hair, my pet.

Your lips—but I have no words, Janette,
They were fresh as the twitter of birds, my pet,
When the spring is young, and the roses are
wet
With dew-drops in each red bosom set.
And they suited your gold-brown hair, my pet.

Oh, you tangled my life in your hair, Janette,
'Twas a silken and golden snare, my pet;
But so gentle the bondage, my soul did implore
The right to continue a slave evermore,
With my fingers enmeshed in your hair, my pet.

* * * * *
Thus ever I dream what you were, Janette,
With your lips, and your eyes, and your hair, my
pet,
In the darkness of desolate years I moan,
And my tears fall bitterly over the stone
That covers your golden hair, my pet.

THE DARK COLEUS.

BY CARRIE D. SWAN.

A VOICE resounds from out my garden close;
A pallid minor, as of throbbing bells,
Or melancholy plaint of one who dwells
Unreconciled, 'mid chill of foreign snows.
The passion-songs of every damask-rose
Grow calm before it. Snowy cloister-cells
Stand, praiseless; no sweet lily-nun repels
The dusky stranger. Swarthy his visage glows;
"Alas!" he cries, "no bloom is mine, no place
Of honeyed sweetness. Life is dark turmoil!"
Be wiser, thou! The Master forth shall fare;
And find in this thy crown, thy highest grace,
Still, patiently, to form a perfect foil
For the white blossoms other lives shall bear.

The Churchman.

Health Department.

HOW TO CURE NERVOUSNESS.

"**A**N Old Physician," writing in the *Herald of Health*, says:

It is on account of some defect in the former life, the organic man, that the largest number of persons suffer from nervousness; and it is pleasant to be able to tell those sufferers that a majority of them can be cured, and even those born so greatly alleviated.

I will explain what I consider to be the causes and pathology of nervousness, and its general symptoms; when the reader will be able to understand the rationale of treatment.

Chemically, brain matter consists of water, fat, albumen, ozmazone and phosphorus; but the inner workings of the nerves, the mystery of the nervous fluid, are hidden from mortal man, and

science has not yet lifted the veil that enshrouds them. One thing we know, however, as the blood is that supplies the nerves, so will the nervous power be. Again, if the nervous power be small, the heart itself being regulated by that power, it naturally follows that this organ acts feebly and irregularly, and the blood is not circulated sufficiently to nourish the nerves, so they, so to speak, starve.

Seeing that the nerves must be supplied with pure blood in proper quantity to enable them to do their duty, can we wonder if neglect of the common rules of health shall cause a feeling of illness, an unstrung state of the system, and misery and wretchedness? The nerves get poisoned with impure blood, starved with thin blood. The blood may be poisoned by bile, by alcohol,

by bad food, by tobacco, tea, coffee, opium, henbane, hops, chloral, by breathing polluted air, neglect of the skin. One thing follows—nervous exhaustion.

The causes of nervousness above enumerated act on the system through the blood. Other causes act on the nerves themselves. Mental anxiety and worry is not one of the least of these, especially if continued for any length of time. The loss of sleep is another; so, too, are excessive exposure to heat and cold, overwork, bodily fatigue, too much brain-work.

The symptoms of nervousness are too many to mention, and vary in different subjects. The patient knows and feels he is ill, but cannot tell where or how. He becomes fretful and peevish, and angry without a cause. He is easily startled, complains of irregular action of the heart, sleeps badly, and this loss of sleep spoils the next day's happiness. Resolution and courage fail, memory is impaired, he becomes tired and easily confused. He is subject to fits of melancholy, continually makes himself unhappy. He looks on the dark side, and seems to have no silver ray to line the clouds of life. If the nerves of motion become weakened the sufferer has little pleasure in either bodily or mental exertion. The appetite fails, becomes capricious, inconstant; the patient complains of a bad feeling, a pain in the head, flatulence, irregularity of bowels. Woe to him now, if he flies to alcohol to stimulate his failing powers.

I shall not here enter into the symptoms of hysteria, so often the result of nervousness in both men and women.

Now, from whatever cause or combination of causes nervousness has been produced, if happiness and health are to be restored, the causes must be removed and the injury they have caused be repaired. For in proportion to the weakness of a man's system and the enfeeblement of his nerves, will be the liability of his falling a victim to other and more fatal maladies; and thus it is that every day we find such diseases as bronchitis, consumption, Bright's disease, brain disease and insanity following at the heels of nervousness.

The indications for treatment are fourfold. First, we must remove the cause, restore the tone of the heart, improve the blood. All injurious habits must be given up; late hours and intemperance in eating abandoned; smoking, if practiced, stopped. This done, the patient is on the road to a cure; for Nature is very kind when she has a chance, though she is dreadfully cruel when abused.

The food is most important. It must be abundant and wholesome—neither too much nor too little. It should not be sloppy, and soups had better be avoided so long as solid food can be taken. Rise from the table feeling you have had enough, but not oppressed with what you have eaten. Many a man has lived to old age by following this rule. The bread should be stale, and no very heating food taken.

Eight hours' sleep should be taken every night, if possible. This alone will nearly cure. "Early to bed and early to rise," should be the motto. Sleep is the salvation of the nervous system. When there is strength, a cool bath, short and quick over, with much friction under a sheet, should be taken every morning, and a reaction secured. Without a reaction much harm results.

The exercise should be moderate and pleasant. Riding, driving, rowing, light physical labor, are all good. Breakfast early; dine at one or two, and sup two hours before going to bed; drink no tea.

Take no narcotics to make you sleep. A few raw oysters before bed-time are worth all the narcotics in the world, are easily digested, and furnish material for restoring nervous tissue and blood. If you wake up in the middle of the night, sometimes a small stale biscuit eaten will send you off to sleep again.

A change of scene, air, and cheerful society, with sea-bathing, are excellent agents for curing nervousness.

Avoid physic—it exhausts the tone of the system. The very thing you would restore.

Above all, keep up a good heart and a firm reliance on the great Author of life.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FACTION decrees such closely-fitting and severe outlines in ladies' outer garments, that there has been necessitated a revolution in under garments. The change which is taking place in regard to them is in many respects for the better, since the old styles have been disadvantageous to health in many ways. Many ladies are making under garments that combine in one piece both chemise and drawers, and our fashion magazines give patterns for such combined garments. In addition to this, there are several establishments in our larger cities which make it a specialty to supply garments of this peculiar style, modeled on strictly healthful and conve-

nient plans. The skirt is also remodeled by having a plain yoke over the hips, which does away with the extra fullness, which was heating and frequently oppressive. The move is certainly in the right direction.

Those who would be ultra fashionable go to an extreme of plainness in the trimming of their outer garments, only balanced by the extreme of trimming in vogue a few seasons ago. Still, trimmings are not utterly discarded by those who follow modestly in the wake of fashion.

Ladies' dresses are made with a sheath-like perfection of outline which causes them to seem moulded to the form; while for the street many beautiful half-fitting cloaks are offered, which

conceal the imperfections at the same time that they reveal the perfections of the form. Among other outer garments are several models, under the general name of "waterproof" patterns, which are called "storm cloaks." No lady can afford to be without a "storm cloak," and if she dresses richly and goes out during the morning, she will acquire elegance of appearance, and practice economy at the same time, by the use of a handsomely outlined garment, protecting her dress, and announcing to her friends that she is occupied in other than merely social pursuits. The cut of these garments is quite as elegant as those of handsomer materials, the only difference being that they are of more serviceable fabrics. The hood and cape may be adjusted by hooks and

loops beneath the collar, so as to be removed for a warm day, and replaced when required. They are made with extreme plainness, but the curves and seams are all perfectly arranged.

Hats drooping over the brow are now accepted without a murmur as dress millinery. They are really more becoming to the majority of women than those with upraised, flaring brims. One of the favorites of the season is the Timbale, which has the merit of being reversible. It has a moderately wide brim which droops on one side only, and gradually curls up around the remaining circuit. A variable taste may at one time wear the drooping side coquettishly lowered over the brow, and the next turn it about and adjust it on the back of the head.

New Publications.

Long Look House. A Book for Boys and Girls. By Edward Abbott. Boston: Noyes, Snow & Co. Men and women who were children a generation ago will remember the deserved popularity of the "Rollo Books," which conveyed useful knowledge at the same time that they amused their juvenile readers. Edward Abbott is a son of the author of the "Rollo Books," and in "Long Look House," he has attempted to produce a book of a similar character to those. He describes the details of the building of "Long Look House" in a manner which will be sure to interest boys in works of that character, and at the same time he makes a very pleasant, readable story. The book is the first of a series, all the volumes of which will possess the same characteristics as the one before us.

A Strange Sea Story. A Temperance Tale. By Mrs. Julia McNair Wright. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. The author tells us that the strangest part of this story is, that it is true in all its particulars, save that the scene has been laid in America, whereas the events really occurred in England. Mrs. Wright, with her marked ability as a sensational writer, has made a powerful story, with a moral which those who read it will not soon forget. For sale by Garrigues Brothers, Philadelphia.

The Poetical and Prose Writings of Charles Sprague. Boston: A. Williams & Co. A generation ago the name of Charles Sprague was a familiar one in the world of letters; for, though he was not a voluminous writer, his productions bore such a certain stamp of excellence that he at once achieved a reputation. The best known of his poems was, perhaps, the one entitled "Curiosity," in which is a mingling of fancy and philosophy, satire and sentiment. This edition contains his complete literary works, and has for a frontispiece a fine steel portrait of Mr. Sprague.

David and Anna Matson. By Abigail Scott Duniway, editor weekly "New Northwest." New York: S. R. Wells & Co. This is a poem of considerable length, and of unquestionable merit, written by a woman of extraordinary energy, who has made herself known to the public as an editor and a public lecturer. The story which is the theme of the poem bears a slight resemblance to Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," as the hero goes to sea, is captured by the Algerines, and returns after many years to find his wife married to another. The book is handsomely printed and bound; but the illustrations are very inferior, the frontispiece, giving a portrait of the authoress, not doing that lady justice.

Editor's Department.

The Effect of Cold on Children.

THE *British Medical Journal* has some sensible remarks and suggestions on the treatment of children in winter. Giving children an opportunity to breathe the fresh air is essential to their health; but with proper ventilation the air in the inside of our dwellings may be kept as pure as the air upon the outside; and when this is the case, a child too young to walk is safer inside the house than outside, when the temperature gets below fifty degrees. Colds lay the foundation of many serious diseases, and the great care

should be to keep the little ones free from cold.

The practice of wheeling children about in perambulators, sitting or reclining in one position without exercise, when the air is chilly, is regarded as particularly harmful. The custom of exposing arms, neck and legs is also condemned. The Journal says:

"We would earnestly appeal to mothers to put aside all feelings of vanity, or what is sometimes miscalled natural pride, and cover the arms, neck and legs of their children as a simple sanitary precaution. High frocks, long sleeves and warm

stockings should be worn out of doors; hats which cover the head, and boots which keep the feet as dry and warm as possible. On coming in from our streets, nearly always damp, both boots and stockings should be changed; and if the feet be cold, a warm foot-bath should be used for a few minutes. The exquisite pain of chilblains could be saved to many children by this use of hot water for hands and feet. We see that flannel has yielded to merino, chiefly on account of the greater convenience of ready-made under-clothing; but there is nothing equal to flannel in the property of preserving warmth.

There is one important point which is the question of the day with mother and nurse, and that is the morning bath. Let the room be well warmed before the child is taken out of bed, and let those who think a cold bath an absolute necessity, remember that on a summer morning their children enjoy it; and if they keep the temperature of the water the same all the year round, that is, about fifty-five or sixty degrees, they may obtain all the benefit possible. Let them think how unreasonable it is to take water not much above freezing point, and attack the nervous system, already depressed, by a shock which is followed by a reaction which requires the whole morning to recover from. We have no hesitation in recommending a warm bath early in the day, followed by a simple douche of cold water, as far preferable to the cold bath; or a warm bath at night for the sake of cleanliness, and none at all in the morning. It may be taken as a rule that, in the case of children, sudden changes of temperature are dangerous."

"Hunt the Slipper."

IN the fine engraving given this month, we have a spirited and life-like representation of an old-time game, once highly popular, but now, we believe, gone out of fashion, though some of us, probably, may remember when it was still in vogue. The game is apparently being played on the portico, if we may so term it, of a magnificent chateau, evidently the residence of a person of rank and importance. The assembled young people, it is plain to be seen, belong to the "first families" of the neighborhood; and the variety and richness of their costumes, visible even in the black and white of the engraving, must have produced a brilliant effect in the original painting. Everything about the picture, from the figure of the master of the chateau, with his wife and child, down to the most trivial accessories, seems to have been placed upon the canvas with a scrupulous regard to the requirements of time and place, so that any one acquainted with the modes of dress and styles of building prevalent in the past, will be able to tell the period and country in which the scene here so vividly represented is laid. The picture from which our engraving has been copied, gives a very fair idea of the style of the artist, A. E. Chalons, an English painter of decided ability, and a member of the Royal Academy.

Business Notings.

THE DETROIT SEED CO., Detroit, Mich., have issued their New Floral Guide for 1877, which they are offering free, by mail, to all applicants. If you want a handsome floral work and reliable seeds write to them.

OUR readers will welcome the advertisement of the popular Seedsmen, Messrs. D. M. Ferry & Co., of Detroit, Mich. Their Seed Annual for 1877 far surpasses their previous numbers. This firm, one of the largest in the seed business, needs no indorsement from us.

Publishers' Department.

HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1877.

AS we have already said, there will be no change in any of the distinctive features of the HOME MAGAZINE for the coming year; only a new and higher interest in all of its Departments. To our admirable corps of contributors, which now includes some of the most popular authors of the day, we shall add new writers, in order to secure for our readers the largest possible variety of literary attractions.

For over twenty-three years our magazine has been an annual and welcome visitor in thousands of American homes, and there are now subscribers on our list who have taken it from the very beginning, and who could not be induced to give it up for any other magazine published. They have learned that its publishers always keep their promises; that the interest of its pages never flags; that its literature is of the highest character; and its illustrations equal in artistic merit to those of any other magazine. And still beyond this, that in its peculiar character and varied departments it is more thoroughly identified with the people in their common life and social interests than any other first-class periodical in the country. And this is why it has become a welcome visitor to their homes.

TO OUR CLUB-GETTERS.

We would call the particular attention of our club-getters to the fact, that an **Important Reduction in Club Rates** has been made for the coming year. This will not only enable them to make up their clubs more easily, but in many cases to enlarge them. We would also call their attention to the fact that we offer the **Largest Premium** ever given for a club of subscribers at the lowest club rates. This Premium is a copy of our Great National Picture of "ALL THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES," handsomely framed in heavy walnut and gilt moulding, and ready for hanging.

BUTTERICK'S NEWEST PATTERNS

For Ladies' and Children's Dresses. These are given in every number of "ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE."

They are acknowledged to be among the most practical and useful of any in the country, and as they are always accompanied with full descriptions of the garment, material to be used, etc., and the cost of pattern, so enabling every woman to be, if she chooses, her own dressmaker, our lady readers will see that, in this feature, our magazine is rendered almost indispensable to the family. We give these patterns by special arrangement.

LIVES AND PORTRAITS OF THE PRESIDENTS.

In this neat and handsomely-printed book, published at the office of the HOME MAGAZINE, you have, in the compass of 72 carefully-written pages, not only the biographies of the eighteen American citizens who occupied the Executive chair during the first century of our national existence, but a connected civil and political history of the country during the one hundred years of its marvellous progress. Added thereto is the full text of *The Constitution of the United States, with all the amendments*, giving the book a still higher value to every citizen.

Besides the biographies and the Constitution, there are eighteen finely-engraved portraits. The book is gotten up in the very best style.

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HOME MAGAZINE ADVERTISER.

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For 1877,

In addition to all its former excellencies, heretofore surpassed by no other religious weekly newspaper in the world, will offer several

ENTIRELY NEW FEATURES

Of great importance and value.

FIRST.—We shall print through the year

Sermons by the most Eminent Clergymen of the Country,

Of all denominations, from Maine to California. Our readers will, therefore, have the pleasure of hearing the most famous ministers of New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, etc.

SECOND.—We shall publish a series of articles on

CHRISTIAN WORK, by Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, D.D.,

Which will be invaluable to Clergymen, Sunday-school teachers, and every Christian man and woman.

THIRD.—A new Serial Story of American life will be begun about the middle of December. Its title will be

A PAPER CITY,

By D. R. LOCKE (Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby). It vividly illustrates the present era of speculation, of living without work, of making money without capital; and will be one of the most sparkling and attractive serials ever published.

FOURTH.—We shall publish a series of articles from the pen of Elder Brewster, Jr., of Brewsterville, Mass., on men and things, religion and politics, and every "top topic" as it comes up.

FIFTH.—Our great premium for the year we believe to be the best ever offered—viz.:

THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS,

In the famous and unsurpassed Household Edition of Messrs. LEE & SHEPARD, the well-known publishers, of Boston, Look at our offer! To each and every person, whether already a subscriber or not, who sends us \$3, we will forward *The Independent* one year, postage paid, together with any one volume from the following list:

- | | |
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| 1. The Pickwick Papers, 500 pages. | 9. Bleak House, 532 pages. |
| 2. Our Mutual Friend, 516 pages. | 10. Barnaby Rudge and Hard Times, 570 pages. |
| 3. David Copperfield, 520 pages. | 11. Oliver Twist, Pictures from Italy, and American Notes, 506 pages. |
| 4. Nicholas Nickleby, 516 pages. | 12. A Tale of Two Cities and Great Expectations, 514 pages. |
| 5. Martin Chuzzlewit, 530 pages. | 13. Christmas Stories and Sketches by Boz, 576 pages. |
| 6. Domby and Son, 534 pages. | 14. Uncommercial Traveller and additional Christmas Stories, 356 pages. |
| 7. Old Curiosity Shop and Reprinted Pieces, 530 pages. | 15. The Mystery of Edwin Drood, A Child's History of England, Master Humphrey's Clock, etc., 560 pages. |
| 8. Little Dorrit, 504 pages. | |

Each additional subscriber shall have an additional volume, postage paid. Each subscriber for two years shall have two volumes, and so on. And

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My Low Price-list of first-class Farm, Vegetable and Flower Seeds, containing cut, description, testimonials and culture of this Tomato, will be sent with every order. Specialties—White Oats, German Millet, etc.

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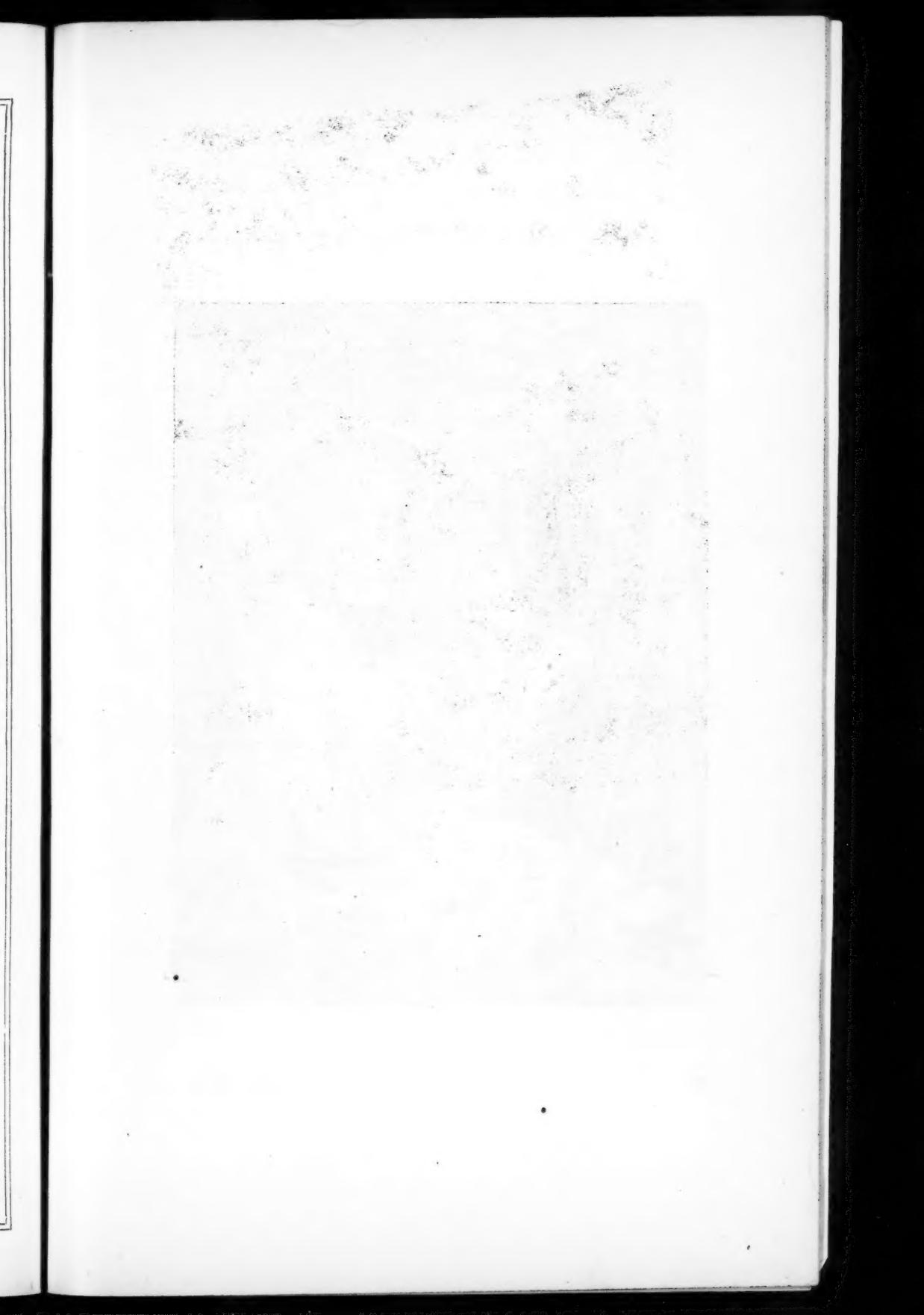
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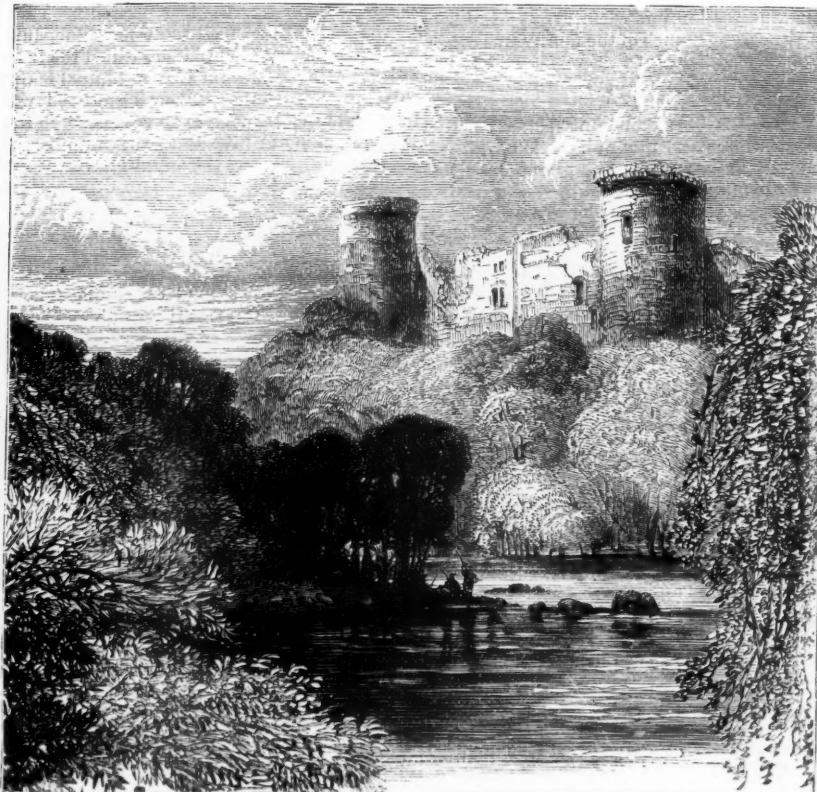
THE FAIR ARTIST.—*Page 151.*

ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLV.

MARCH, 1877.

No. 3.



BOTHWELL CASTLE.

BY MARION KNIGHT.

NEAR the town of Bothwell, which is situated on the right bank of the Clyde, a few miles above Glasgow, is the Castle of Bothwell. The construction of this castle dates back to the time of the Normans; and, after having been the home and stronghold of many successive nobles of the Hepburn and Douglass families for many centuries, it has now fallen into ruins. It

is difficult to trace its early history, but, as its name implies, it probably originally, or at a very early period, belonged to the Hepburns, earls of Bothwell, whose names are subsequently connected so intimately with the history of Scotland. One of these earls, Adam Hepburn, who lived after the castle had passed away from his family, fell at Flodden Field, after having made a furious attempt to retrieve the day. This event is described in the old English poem of "Flodden Field," in the following manner:

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1877

"The Household Magazine of America."

1877

ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE

Year by year the Home Magazine continues to gain in favor with the people, and this because it is so completely in harmony with their common life and social interests. Taking literary rank with the best periodicals of the day, it claims to be in its peculiar characteristics and varied Departments, more thoroughly identified with the people than any other magazine of its class, going into their homes not only as a power for good, but as a pleasant companion and friend, interested in all that interests the household and ready to help, comfort, amuse, instruct and delight all, from the youngest to the oldest.

Larger and more liberal, artistic and literary arrangements are being made for the coming year, in order still further to increase its value and interest. New writers have been engaged and the best talent secured.

The opening serial of the year will be by Miss Marian C. S. Reeves, the author of "Wearithorne." It is a story of unusual and absorbing interest. Other serials will be given and in due time announced.

The various Departments of our Magazine will be fully sustained as heretofore. There will be the Departments of

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY and General LITERATURE,

HOUSEKEEPERS' DEPARTMENT,

THE STORY TELLER,

FASHION DEPARTMENT,

HOME-LIFE AND CHARACTER,

HEALTH DEPARTMENT,

THE HOME CIRCLE,

REVIEW DEPARTMENT,

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT,

EVENINGS with the POETS,

RELIGIOUS READING,

Etc., Etc., Etc.

All of which will be replete with the choicest, most entertaining and most instructive reading.

BUTTERICK'S NEWEST PATTERNS FOR LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S DRESSES, are given as usual every month.

In order to give our club-getters increased facilities, for making up clubs, we have, in view of the general depression in business, reduced our club rates, and at the same time offered one of the most valuable premiums ever given for a list of subscribers at club rates.

REDUCED CLUB RATES FOR 1877.

1 Copy, one year,	\$2.50	12 Copies, and one to club-getter,	\$18.50
2 Copies,	4.50	15 " " "	27.50
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